Thomas Dobbin

THE

WORKS

Sam.l OF Maswell

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

DUBLIN:

Printed for R. OWEN, J. LEATHLEY, G. and A. EWING, W. and J. SMITH, G. FAULKNER, P. CRAMPTON, A. BRADLEY, T. MOORE, E. and J. EXSHAW. MDCCXLVII.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmilius Lepidus. } *Triumvirs, after the death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Popilius Læna,
Publius, } *Senators.*

Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.

Meſſala,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Young Cato.
Cinna, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.
Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards, at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir,——What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get "my self into more work." But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice! — what conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have sate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome:*
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone———
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to *Tyber*'s bank, and weep your tears

Into

Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe're their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them * deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ¹ ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, *for the Courſe,* Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia, ———
Caſc. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia, ———
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius*' way,
When he doth run his Courſe——*Antonius,*———
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius,*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,

* — *deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies,* for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæſar's trophies*; i. e. ſuch as he had dedicated to the Gods.

1 —— *ſoar above the view of men,*] *Paterculus* ſays of this *Cæſar, animo ſuper humanam & naturam & fidem evectus,* which is finely expreſſed, if we underſtand it to ſignify *that he aſpired to a power that was contrary to the rights of nature, and to the duty and good faith he owed his country.*

The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth *Cæſar*, ———
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill: peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſoothſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*

SCENE III.

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſom; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myſelf. Vexed I am,

Of

Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wish'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know, you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus:*
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,
[2] And I will look on Death indifferently:
For, let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory: ——
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
[3] For once upon a raw and guſty day,

" The

2 *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately ſucceeding. If he *lov'd honour, more than he fear'd death*, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not ſpeaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a ſoldier of any ordinary pretenſions, honour ſhould always *preponderate*. We muſt certainly read,

And I will look on death *indifferently*.

What occaſion'd the corruption, I preſume, was, the tranſcribers imagining the adverb *indifferently* muſt be applied to two things *oppos'd*. But the uſe of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakeſpear* always apply it ſo. In the preſent paſſage it ſignifies *neglectingly*; without *fear*, or *concern*: And ſo *Caſca* afterwards, again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

I weigh them not; nor am deterr'd on the ſcore of Danger.

3 *For once upon a raw and guſty day*, &c.] This was the common exerciſe of ſuch of the *Roman* nobility as delighted in the uſe of

" The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
" *Cæſar* ſays to me, dar'ſt thou, *Caſſius*, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And ſwim to yonder point? — Upon the word,
" Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
" And bid him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
" The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
" With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
" And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſie.
" But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,"
Cæſar cry'd, Help me, *Caſſius*, or I ſink.
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: and this man
Is now become a God; and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
4 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd— give me ſome drink, *Titinius* ——
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould

of arms. Therefore *Horace*, ſpeaking of one enervated by love, ſays, *Cur timet flavum* Tiberim *tangere!*

On which *Hermannus Figulus* makes this comment — *Natare. Nam* Romæ *primæ adoleſcentiæ juvenes, præter cæteras gymnaſticas diſciplinas, etiam* natare *diſcebant, ut ad belli munera firmiores aptioreſque eſſent.* And he puts us in mind, from *Suetonius*, how expert a ſwimmer *Julius Cæſar* was.

4 *His* coward *lips did from their* colour fly,] A plain man would have ſaid, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the falſe expreſſion was for the ſake of as falſe a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

" So [5] get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
" And bear the Palm alone " [*Shout. Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar.*
Caſ. ' Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
' Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty men
' Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
' To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
' Men at ſometimes are maſters of their fates:
' The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,
' But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
' *Brutus* and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
' Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
' Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
' Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
' Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
' *Brutus* will ſtart a ſpirit, as ſoon as *Cæſar.*
' Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
' Upon what meat does this our *Cæſar* feed,
' That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
' *Rome*, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
' When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
' But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
' When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
' That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man;
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

5 —— *get the ſtart of the majeſtick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. *The majeſtic* world is a fine periphraſis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens ſet themſelves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular alluſion ſeems to be to the known ſtory of *Cæſar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being aſked, whether he would run the courſe at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings.*

Bru.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caf. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Caf. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion tell you,
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you, *Cassius,*——
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in conf'rence by some Senators.

Caf *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæf. *Antonius,*——

Ant. *Cæsar?*

Cæf. "Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
"Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar,* he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman,* and well given.

Cæf.

Cæf. [6] 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
' Yet if my name were liable to fear,
' I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
' So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
' He is a great obſerver; and he looks
' Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
' As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick;
' Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
' As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
' That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
' Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
' Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
' And therefore are they very dangerous.
' I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
' Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius: Caſca, *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day, That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,

[6] *'Would he were fatter;* ----] *Johnſon*, in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjuſtly ſneers at this paſſage, in *Knockham*'s ſpeech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can 'ſcape thy lean moon-calf there.*

every

every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid,

"If

" If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he de-
" sir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity."
Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, " alas,
" good soul!"—— and forgave him with all their
hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if
Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done
no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek.*

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you
i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd
at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine
own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more
news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs
off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, *Casca?*

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and
your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewel Both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; 'till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy

Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is disposed; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
7 If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me.——I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, *his sword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never 'till to night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

7 *If I were* Brutus *now, and he were* Cassius,
He should not humour *me.* ——] This is a reflexion on *Brutus*'s ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were* Brutus, (says he) *and* Brutus, Cassius, *he should not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the last line to Cæsar *should not love me.*
What he means by it, is not worth inquiring.

Cic.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural:"
For, I believe they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca*; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

SCENE VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A *Roman.*

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent my ſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, [8] and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

8 ——— *and Children* calculate;] *Calculate* here ſignifies to foretel or propheſy: For the cuſtom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Aſtrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, *Shakeſpear*, with his uſual liberty, employs the *ſpecies* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

Caſ.

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. 'I know, where I will wear this dagger then:
'*Caſſius* from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
'Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
'Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
'Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
'Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
'Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
'But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
'Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
'If I know this; know all the world beſides,
'That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
'I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
9 And the complexion of the Elements
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.
Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*
Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party———
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this

9 *And the complexion of the* ELEMENT
Is fev'rous———] We find from the *preceding* relation, that it was not *one Element* only which was diſturbed, but *all*; being told that *all the ſway of* Earth *ſhook like a thing unfirm*; that *the* winds *rived the knotty oaks*; that *the* Ocean *raged and foamed*; and that there *was a tempeſt dropping* Fire. So that all the *four* ELEMENTS appear'd to be diſorder'd. We ſhould read therefore,

The complexion of the ELEMENTS,

which is confirm'd by the following line,

Moſt bloody, fiery, *and moſt* terrible.

Bloody referring to the water; *fiery* to the air and fire; and *terrible* to the earthquakes; as appears from *Calphurnia*'s account, which is a comment on this line:

Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.

In

In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.

Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!—
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day——*Lucius*, I ſay!
I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay; what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——

" How

" How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
" It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
" And that craves wary walking: crown him— that—
" And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
" That at his will he may do danger with.
" Th' abuſe of Greatneſs is, when it disjoins
" *Remorſe from Power: and, to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
' That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
' 1 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
' But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
' He then unto the ladder turns his back,
' Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
' By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
† Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
2 Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of *March?*

Luc.

* Remorſe *from Power:*—] *Remorſe*, for mercy.

1 Whereto the *climber upward* turns, &c.] *Climber upward* ſhould be printed with a hyphen to avoid an ambiguity, of *climbing upwards* or *turning upwards*, for, underſtood in the latter ſenſe, the thought is abſurd and defective.

† *Will bear no* colour, *for the thing he is*,
Faſhion *it thus*—] The metaphor from the wardrobe, when the Excellence of the *faſhion* makes out for the defect of the *colour*.

2 *Is not to morrow, boy, the* FIRST *of* March?] We ſhould read IDES: For we can never ſuppoſe the ſpeaker to have loſt fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the ſoothſayer told *Cæſar* [Act I. Scene 2.) in his preſence, [—*Beware the Ides of* March.] The boy comes back and ſays, *Sir*, March

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:*
Shall Rome —— *speak, strike, redress.*
Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake.*
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome —— thus must I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? what! *Rome?*
My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress,— am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O *Rome!* I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. [3] Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.
[*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:
[*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept. ——
[4] Between the acting of a dreadful thing, [4] And

March *is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the Ides of* March, as he supposed. For *March, May, July,* and *October* had six *nones* each, so that the fifteenth of *March* was the *Ides* of that month.

3 *Sir,* March *is wasted* fifteen *days.*] The editors are mightily mistaken: It was wasted but *fourteen* days; this was the dawn of the fifteenth, when the boy makes his report.

4 *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critic, *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus,* complains that, of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces,* and which are so frequent in *Homer,* are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen it seems to be as much confined to the *British Homer.* This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. *Addison,* whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own genius,

' And the first motion, all the interim is
' Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
' The Genius, and the mortal instruments
' Are then in council ; and the state of man,
' Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
' The nature of an insurrection.

genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides, (as we may see by those many fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*) has paraphrased this fine description ; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different, (the fortunes of *Cæsar* and the *Roman* Empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. *Addison* could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of *Shakespear*'s description ;

The Genius, and the Mortal Instruments
Are then in Council ——

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan* Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil Genius's*, likewise ; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with death,

are but the affections raised by such forcible Images as these,

—— —— *All the Int'rim is*
Like a Phantasma, *or a hideous Dream.*
—— —— —— *the State of Man,*
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of Anarchy, is just and beautiful ; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to Nature.

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. " O Conſpiracy!
" Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by night,
" When Evils are moſt free? O then, by day
" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
" To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? ſeek none, Conſpiracy;
" Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
" For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
" Not *Erebus* it ſelf were dim enough
" To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your Reſt;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelf,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Caſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome. What

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire ; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. " [5] No, not an oath : if that the Fate of men,
" The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
" If these be motives weak, break off betimes ;

5 *No, not an oath: if that the* FACE *of men,* &c.] The conspirators propose an *oath* as the sanction of their mutual faith. This, *Brutus*, very much in character, opposes: Because an *oath* was the usual cement of those lawless cabals, which have not virtue enough in themselves to keep their members together : On this consideration his argument against an oath turns: And the motives he thought sufficient to preserve faith amongst them, were these: *The sufferance of their souls*, i. e. their commiseration for expiring liberty : *The time's abuse*, i. e. the general corruption of manners which had reduced publick liberty to this condition ; and which, that liberty restored, would reform. But now, what is *The* FACE *of men ?* Did he mean they had honest looks. This was a poor and low observation, unworthy *Brutus*, and the occasion, and the grandeur of his speech : Besides, it is foreign to the turn and argument of his discourse, which is to shew the strong cement of the confederacy, from *the justice of their cause*, not from the natural honour of the conspirators. His argument stands thus, *You require an oath to keep us together : but sure the strong motives that drew us into confederacy will keep us confederated.* These motives he enumerates ; but *The* FACE *of men* not being one of these motives must needs be a corrupt reading. *Shakespear*, without question, wrote,

If that the FATE *of men,*

Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fate* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

" And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
" So let [6] high-ſighted tyranny range on,
" 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
" As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
" To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
" The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
" What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
" To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
" Than [7] ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
" And will not palter? and what other oath,
" Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
" That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
" Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
" Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
" That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
" Such creatures as men doubt; but [8] do not ſtain
" The even virtue of our enterprize,

6 —— high-ſighted *tyranny* ——] The epithet alludes to a hawk ſoaring on high, and intent upon its prey.

7 —— ſecret *Romans*, ——] *Secret*, for *federate*, uſed becauſe ſecrecy is an eſſential quality in confederations.

8 —— *do not* STAIN
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits, &c.] Admitting that the *Opinion* that the cauſe or actors wanted an Oath to hold them together might be called a *ſtain*, (which yet I think it could not, becauſe ſuch opinion does not neceſſarily imply a *ſuſpicion* of the honeſty of either; or if it did, ſuch ſuſpicion could not *ſtain* it, as an oath is no unjuſt means of union; for it is only an *unjuſt means* uſed for a *good end*, that could be ſaid to *ſtain* that end.) However, I ſay, admitting that ſuch an opinion might be called a *ſtain*, yet here the metaphor employed will not allow the uſe of the term. For the expreſſion of *inſuppreſſive* mettle alludes to the elaſtic quality of ſteel, which, being forced beyond its tone, loſes its ſpring, and thereby becomes incapable of keeping that machine in motion which it is deſigned to actuate. To this idea the word *even* refers, ſignifying a conſtant, moderate, well-regulated tenour. To preſerve therefore the integrity of the metaphor, I think we muſt read,

—— *do not* STRAIN.

i. e. beyond its natural and proper tone; the conſequence of which will be the ſtopping the motion of the whole machine. So that the thought is this, *The preſent temper of our ſpirits is like the virtue of a ſteel ſpring which puſhes forward and preſerves the motion of the machine: But now, if, to the force of this natural diſpoſition, you add the artificial bend of an oath, you will overſtrain it and deſtroy its power.*

" Nor

" Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
" To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
" Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero?* shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar?*

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar:* we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar!* but alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it — " And, gentle friends,
" Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

" Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
" Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
" And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
" Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
" And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not murtherers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s arm,
When *Cæsar*'s head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*—

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock,

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
9 For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:

9 *For he is superstitious grown of late,*
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Cæsar*, as well as *Cassius*, was an *Epicurean*. By *main opinion Cassius* intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by *fantasie* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where *Calphurnia* says,

Cæsar, *I never stood on* ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: ——

The poet uses *Ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the turning *accidents to omens*, a principal superstition of antiquity.

It

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; [1] " for he loves to hear,
" That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
" And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
" Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
" But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
" He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? it is no matter,
" Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
" Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

[1] —— *for he loves to hear*, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make *Cæsar* delight in this sort of conversation. The Author of St. *Evremond*'s life tells us, that the great Prince of *Conde* took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters.

" Which buſie care draws in the brains of men;
" Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

SCENE III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Porcia, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. " You've ungently, *Brutus*,
" Stole from my bed: and, yeſternight at ſupper,
" You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
" Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
" And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
" You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
" I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
" And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
" Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
" But with an angry wafture of your hand,
" Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
" Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
" Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
" Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
" Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholſom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?

And

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I your ſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
[1] A woman well reputed *Cato*'s daughter.

Think

[1] *A woman well reputed*; Cato's *Daughter.*] This falſe pointing ſhould be corrected thus,

A woman well reputed Cato's *daughter.*

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato*. This indeed was a good reaſon why ſhe ſhould be intruſted with the ſecret. But the falſe pointing, which gives a ſenſe only implying that ſhe was a woman of a good character, and that ſhe was *Cato*'s daughter, gives no good reaſon: For ſhe might be *Cato*'s daughter, and yet not inherit his firmneſs; and ſhe might be a woman

Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded ?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them :
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets ?

Bru. O ye Gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks : *Porcia,* go in a while ;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Porcia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius !* how ?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius,*
To wear a kerchief ? 'would, you were not ſick !

Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius,*
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome !*
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins !
Thou, like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible ;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

well reputed, and yet not the beſt at a ſecret. But if ſhe *was well reputed* Cato's *daughter,* that is, worthy of her birth, ſhe could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his reſolution to engage in its deliverance.

Bru.

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæſar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?——

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæſ. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taſte of death but once:
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
"Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
"Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for fear.
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
We *(a)* were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

[*(a) Were.* Mr. *Theobald.* —— Vulg. *beare.*]

Cæſ.

Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

SCENE V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to day; tell them ſo, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood: and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents
(a) Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* ſhall ſuck

[*(a)* *Of evils*, Oxford Editor. —— Vulg. *And evils.*]

Re-

Reviving blood : [2] and that Great Men shall press
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar*'s wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love
[3] To your proceeding bids me tell you this:

[2] —— *and that great men shall press*

For tinctures, stains, relicks, *and cognisance.*] That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should signify, the increase of power and empire to *Rome* from the influence of *Cæsar*'s arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble *Romans* through his beneficence, expressed by the words, *From you great* Rome *shall suck reviving blood,* is intelligible enough. But how these great men should literally press for *tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance,* when the spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.

must needs be in way of similitude only; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the Statue signified, that by *Cæsar*'s influence *Rome* should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, *&c.* to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit.* It is true, the thought is from the Christian History; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: For the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the superstition of some Churches with regard to it.

[3] *To your* proceeding ——] *Proceeding* for advancement, establishment.

And

And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia?*
I am aſhamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caſca: Caius Ligarius,*
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o' clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſie.
Enter Antony.
See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember, that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will; —— and ſo near will I be,
[*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me.
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
[*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a Paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Cassius; *come not near* Casca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *trust not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou hast wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against* Cæsar. *If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there ——
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,

What

What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o' clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:——*Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæsar* will not grant.——O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flouriſh. Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-ſayer.*

CÆSAR. THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæſar:* read this ſchedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.

Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit,
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*

Caſ. He wiſh'd, our enterprize to day might thrive:
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæſar*; mark him.

Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done, if this be known?
Caſſius, or *Cæſar*, never ſhall turn back;
For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſe;
For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.

Caſ. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar.*

Bru.

Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*;
Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
1 Might ſtir the blood of ordinary men,
2 And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With That which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?
Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*;
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What, *Brutus!*
Caſ. Pardon, *Cæſar*; *Cæſar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber.*

1 *Might* fire *the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we ſhould read,

Stir *the blood* ——

Submiſſion does not *fire* the blood, but melt it to compaſſion; or, as he ſays juſt after, *thaw* it. So afterwards, in this play he ſays,

The power of ſpeech to STIR *men's* bloods.

2 *And turn* pre-ordinance ——] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already eſtabliſhed.

Cæſ.

Cæf. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant, *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd;
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar*———

Cæf. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar*———

Cæf. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæf. Et tu, Brute?——— then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead———
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets———

Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſ. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of *Cæſar*'s
Should chance———

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius.*

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the People,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Caſc. [3] Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome.*

3 In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt publiſhed by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable. Mr. *Pope.*

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a friend of *Antony*'s.

Serv. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* dost thou lye so low?
" Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
" Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do

I do beſeech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
" No place will pleaſe me ſo, no means of death,
" As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
" The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.
Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar:* For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony;*
Our arms exempt from malice; " and our hearts,
" Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.
Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus;*
Yours, *Cinna;* and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Tho' laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius.*
Gentlemen all—alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and 4 crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye?

Cas. Mark Antony———

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius:*
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

4———*crimson'd in thy* Lethe.] Mr. *Theobald* says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as* Lethe; *yet he is not without suspicion, that* Shakespear *coin'd the word*; *and yet for all that, the* L. *might be a* D. *imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have* death *instead of it.* After all this pother, *Lethe* was a common *French* word, signifying *death* or *destruction*, from the latin *lethum.* So in *Antony* and *Cleopatra* he says,

———*Ev'n to a* lethi'd *dulness.*

i. e. deadly.

Ant.

Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral:

Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony.*

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.——————
You know not what you do; do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented, *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you *Cæſar*'s body:
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſie,

(Which

(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light [5] upon the line of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
" And *Cæſar*'s ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
" With *Até* by his ſide come hot from hell,
" Shall in theſe confines, with a Monarch's voice,
" Cry Havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant*.

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O Cæſar! [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Ser. He lyes to night within ſeven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the people take

5 —— *upon the* LIMBS *of men*;] We ſhould read,
—— LINE *of men*;
i. e. human race.

The

The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men ;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra ; Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be ſatisfied ; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers :
Thoſe, that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here ;
Thoſe, that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him ;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.

Pleb. 3. The noble *Brutus* is aſcended : ſilence !

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.

Romans, [6] Countrymen, and Lovers ! hear me for my cauſe ; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour,

6 —— *Countrymen and Lovers !* &c.] There is no where, in all *Shakeſpear*'s works, a ſtronger proof of his not being what we call a ſcholar, than this ; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This ſpeech of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind. But no more like that brevity, than his times were like *Brutus*'s. The ancient laconic brevity was ſimple, natural and eaſy : this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheſis's. In a word a brevity, that for its falſe eloquence would have ſuited any character, and for its good ſenſe would have become the greateſt of our author's time ; but yet, in a ſtile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon *Brutus* as our author's trowſers or collar-band would have done.

that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. 'If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of 'Cæsar's, to him I say, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæsar* 'was no less than his. If then that friend demand, 'why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: 'Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* 'more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye 'all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all 'free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as 'he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, 'I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. 'There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, ho-'nour for his valour, and death for his ambition. 'Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If 'any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here 'so rude, that would not be a *Roman?* if any, speak; 'for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that 'will not love his Country? if any, speak; for him 'have I offended — I pause for a Reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended — I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæsar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen —

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public Chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*

3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus*' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* ———

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears;

'I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
'The Evil, that men do, lives after them;
'The Good is oft interred with their bones;
'So let it be with *Cæſar!* noble *Brutus*
'Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
'If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
'And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
'Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
'(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,

' So are they all, all honourable men)
' Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
' He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
' But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
' He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
' Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
' Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
' When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
' Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner-ſtuff.
' Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
' You all did ſee, that, on the *Lupercal*,
' I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
' Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
' Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
' And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
' I ſpeak not, to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
' But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
' You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
' What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
' O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
' And men have loſt their reaſon---bear with me,
' My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
' And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

If thou conſider rightly of the matter,

7 *Cæſar* has had great wrong.

7 Cæſar *has had great wrong.*] 3 Pleb. Cæſar *had never wrong but with juſt cauſe.* If ever there was ſuch a line written by *Shakeſpear*, I ſhould fancy it might have its place here, and very humourouſly in the character of a *Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben Johnſon*'s remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act,

Know, Cæſar *doth not wrong; nor without cauſe*
Will he be ſatisfied. ———

But the verſe, as cited by *Ben Johnſon*, does not connect with *Will he be ſatisfied.* Perhaps this play was never printed in *Ben Johnſon*'s time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleaſed to ſpeak it. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. 'But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
'Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
'And none so poor to do him reverence.
'O masters! if I were disposed to stir
'Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
'I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
'Who, you all know, are honourable men.
'I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
'To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;
'Than I will wrong such honourable men.
'But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
'I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;
'Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
'(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
'And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,
'And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
'Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
'And dying, mention it within their Wills,
'Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
'Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. 'Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
'It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
'You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
'And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
'It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

' 'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
' For if you ſhould—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*; You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. ' Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
' (I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.)
' I fear I wrong the honourable men,
' Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!

All. The Will! the Teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers; the Will! read the Will.

Ant. ' You will compel me then to read the Will?
' Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæſar*,
' And let me ſhew you him, that made the Will.
' Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

' *Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
' You all do know this mantle; I remember,
' The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
' 'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
' 8 That day he overcame the *Nervii*——
' Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius*' dagger through;—
' See, what a rent the envious *Caſca* made.—
' Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
' And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,

8 *That day he overcame the* Nervii—] Here *Shakeſpear*, deſcribing a *great* General, makes him put on his new habit, or robes of triumph, after his victory. *Homer* deſcribing a *vain-glorious* one, makes him put them on before the fight, and while he only expected to overcome.

δ' ἐνδύνε χιτῶνα
Καλὸν νηγάτεον ——

' Mark,

' Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
' For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar*'s angel.
' Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him;
' This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
' For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
' Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
' Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
' And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
' Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæſar* fell,
' 9 Even at the Baſe of *Pompey*'s Statue.
' O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
' Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
' Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
' O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
' The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
' Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
' Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
' Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——ſeek—burn—fire—kill—ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen———

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.———

9 *Even at the Baſe of* Pompey's *Statue,*
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar *fell.*] *Plutarch* tells us, that *Cæſar* received many wounds in the face on this occaſion, ſo that it might be ſaid to run blood. But, inſtead of that, the Statue, in this reading, and not the face, is ſaid to do ſo; it is plain theſe two lines ſhould be tranſpoſed: And then the reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there ———

is natural, lamenting the diſgrace of being at laſt ſubdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor.

Ant. ‘ Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
‘ To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny :
‘ They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
‘ What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
‘ That made them do it : they are wiſe and honourable ;
‘ And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
‘ I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts ;
‘ I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is :
‘ But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
‘ That love my friend ; and that they know full well,
‘ That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him :
‘ For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
‘ Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
‘ To ſtir men's blood ; I only ſpeak right on.
‘ I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know ;
‘ Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths !
‘ And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
‘ And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
‘ Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
‘ In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
‘ The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny ———

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen ; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves ?
Alas, you know not ; I muſt tell you then :
You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Moſt true — the Will— let's ſtay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar !* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!— How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckey charge my fantasie;

1 *And things* unluckily *charge my fantasie*;] Both for the sake of the sense and measure we should read,

And things unluckey *charge my fantasie*,

i. e. *unluckey* things; for the ancient superstition divided things into *luckey* and *unluckey*.

I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say —— I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to say, they are fools "that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; "proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him "for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-brands:
To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s house,
And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers sland'rous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius:* and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On *(a)* abject Orts, and imitations:
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies:
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and ſoldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.

Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
[1] In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath

[1] *In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The ſenſe of which is this, *Either your maſter, by the* change *of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abuſing the power he had intruſted to them, hath done ſome*

[*(a) abject Orts*, Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *objects, arts.*]

Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*——
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.

Luc. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius*. [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius *and ſoldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.

Within. Stand!

ſome things I could wiſh undone. This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the caſe. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus*'s ſaying, *His maſter was full of regard and honour*, he replies, *he is not doubted.* To reconcile this we ſhould read,

In his own CHARGE, *or by ill officers.*

i. e. *either by thoſe under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abuſed their truſt. Charge* is ſo uſual a word in *Shakeſpear*, to ſignify the forces committed to the truſt of a commander, that I think it needleſs to give any inſtances.

Within.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ———

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent, *Caſſius,* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Inſide of Brutus's *Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella,*
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians;*
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man,) was ſlighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That [2] ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius,* you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

2. ——*ev'ry* nice offence ——] *i. e.* ſmall trifling offence.

Caſ.

Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!——— [member!

Bru. " [3] Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* re-
" Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
" What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
" And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
" That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
" But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
" Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
" And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
" For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
" [4] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
" Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,

3 *Remember* March, *&c.*
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? ———] The thought here is infinitely noble; yet by reaſon of the laconic brevity here repreſented, it is obſcure. We muſt imagine *Brutus* ſpeaking to this effect, *Remember the ides of* March, *when we had a cauſe in hand, ſo great and ſanctified that the moſt corrupt men, intent only on the public, caſt aſide all private regards, engaged in the cauſe of liberty, and ſtab'd for juſtice: remember too, that this is but the ſame cauſe continued; all corrupt and private motives ſhould be therefore neglected and deſpiſed.* This is the ſenſe, in which the dignity of the ſentiment, and the propriety of it to the caſe in hand, are altogether worthy of the character of the ſpeaker.

4 *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than ſuch a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally *think* and ſpeak alike, ſuppoſe the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightneſs; an alluſion to this notion makes the beauty of the paſſage in queſtion: *Brutus* hereby inſinuates a covert accuſation againſt his friend, that it was only envy at *Cæſar*'s glory which ſet *Caſſius* on conſpiring againſt him; and ancient hiſtory ſeems to countenance ſuch a charge. *Caſſius* underſtood him in this ſenſe, and with much conſcious pride retorts the charge by a like inſinuation,

——— Brutus, *bay not* me.

To

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self
To make conditions.

Bru. [5] Go to; you are not *Cassius.*

Caf. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Caf. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self—
Have mind upon your health— tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Caf. Is't possible?———

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
" Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Caf. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
" Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
" And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Caf. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your Vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caf. You wrong me every way—— you wrong me, *Brutus*;

[5] *Go to; you are not* Cassius.] We are not to understand this as if *Brutus* had said, *You are not an able soldier*, which would be wrangling on a childish question beneath the character of *Brutus*. On the contrary, when *Cassius* had made so unbecoming a boast, *Brutus*, in his reply, only reproves him for *degeneracy*: And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in saying, *You are not* Cassius; i. e. *You are no longer that brave, disinterested, philosophic* Cassius, *whose character was made up of honour and patriotism; but are sunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.*

I said,

I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay, better?———
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not!———
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love; I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for.
" There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
" For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
" That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
" Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
" For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
" For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
" By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
" And drop my blood for drachma's, [6] than to wring
" From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
" By any Indirection. I did ſend
" To you for gold to pay my legions,
" Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius?*
" Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
" When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
" To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
" Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
" Daſh him to pieces.
Caſ. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſ. I did not—he was but a fool,

6 ———— *than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh,*] This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting: And *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold.

That

That brought my answer back.—*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. [7] I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast——within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus*' Mine, richer than gold;
[8] If that thou needst a *Roman*'s, take it forth.
I, that

7 Bru. *I do not,* TILL *you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like *Brutus? Cassius* complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which *Brutus* replies, not *till* those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? *Shakespear* knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. STILL *you practise them on me.*

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

8 *If that thou* BEEST A ROMAN, *take it forth.* &c.] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a *Roman?* There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a *Roman.* But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was *Cassius*'s refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. *Cassius*, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him he was ready to expose his life in his service; but at the same time, provoked and exasperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the severity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, tho' a *Roman*, and attached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance; hereby obliquely insinuating the case of *Cæsar.* The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read. *If*

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
" Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
" O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
" That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
" Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
" And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus!*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals? what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha— how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!

If that thou NEEDST A ROMAN'*s*, *take it forth.*
i. e if nothing but another *Roman*'s death can ſatisfy the unrelenting ſeverity of your temper, take my life as you did *Cæſar*'s.

Bru.

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah ; ſaucy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time ;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools ?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit* Poet.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a Bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. ' O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. ' Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
' If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. ' No man bears ſorrow better— *Porcia*'s dead.
Caſ. ' Ha ! *Porcia !*——
Bru. ' She is dead.
Caſ. ' How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo ?
O inſupportable and touching loſs !
Upon what ſickneſs ?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence ;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: (for with her death
That tydings came) With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo.
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods !
Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.
Bru. Speak no more of her : give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius*. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius* ;— welcome, good *Meſſala*.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Now fit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. O *Porcia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by Proſcription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. *Cicero* one?
Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, *Porcia*—we muſt die, *Meſſala*.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. 9 I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

9 *I have as much of this* in art, *as you*,] *i. e.* I have as much of that aſſiſtance which *Philoſophy* affords as you have. *Art* for Philoſophy.

Bru.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?

Caſ. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The People, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe People at our back.

Caſ. Hear me, good brother ———

Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
'Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
'Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
'Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
'On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float:
'And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
'Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt,
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more; good night; ———
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night, lord *Brutus.*
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varro, and *Claudius!*

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius.*
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might; I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.

Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again; I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*

This is a ſleepy tune——O murth'rous ſlumber! Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good night. I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee. If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument, I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. But let me ſee——is not the leaf turn'd down, Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He ſits down to read.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!——ha! who comes here? I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes, That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition!——— It comes upon me——Art thou any thing? Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil, That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare? Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I ſhall ſee thee again.———

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.——— Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt: Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake! *Claudius!*

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument. *Lucius!* awake.

Luc. My lord!———

Bru.

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cried'ſt out.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; ſirrah, *Claudius*, fellow! [1] *Varro!* awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octa. NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

[1] Thou! *awake.*] The accent is ſo unmuſical, and harſh, 'tis impoſſible the poet could begin his verſe thus. *Brutus* certainly was intended to ſpeak to both his other men; who both awake and anſwer at an inſtant.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius,* we muſt out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?

Ant. No, *Cæſar,* we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.

Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it ſo, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*

Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus,* you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæſar!*

Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.

Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony;*
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.

Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar.*
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And

And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Caſ. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank yourſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' ſword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill!——

Oct. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*

Luc. My lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.

Caſ. Meſſala.

Meſ. What ſays my General?

Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala:*
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do [1] ravenous crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.

Meſ. Believe not ſo.

Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius.*

Caſ. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befal.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
[2] The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,

1 —— —— RAVENS, *crows and kites*] A *raven* and a *crow* the ſame bird of prey: the firſt name taken from its nature; t other from its voice. We ſhould therefore read,

—— —— *do* RAVENOUS *crows and kites:*

Beſides, this epithet denotes the circumſtances that make th ſpeaker conſider them as birds of omen.

2 *The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.*

What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am reſolved ſuch a caſe to kill myſelf. What are you determined of?

B

But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; *** [3] arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome?*

Bru. 'No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble
'*Roman*,
'That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
'He bears too great a mind. But this same day
'Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun;
'And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
'Therefore our everlasting farewel take;
'For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cassius!*
'If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
'If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. 'Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
'The end of this day's business ere it come!
'But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
'And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
A sudden Push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —— *arming myself with patience*, &c.] It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is seen in the*] *arming myself with patience*, &c. As the text stands at present, the two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another.

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who, having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my lord!

Caſ. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is incloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah;

In

In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through *Cæſar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword—*Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee. ——

[*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my Will. Oh, *Caſſius*;
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Caſſius*' legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. Theſe Tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.

Meſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Meſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Meſ. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*;
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh, ſetting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius*' day is ſet;
The Sun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.

Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus?* where art thou, *Pindarus?*

Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this ſight.

Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Meſ.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not hear their
ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, *Caſſius*' ſword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?

Meſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius*' face is upward.

Cato. He is ſlain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius!* ———

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impoſſible, that ever *Rome*

Should

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time ———
Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.
'Tis three o' clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend,
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. [*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'ſt be honour'd, [4] being *Cato*'s Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

[5] *Luc.* Only I yield to die.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

There

4 ——— *being* Cato's *Son.*] *i. e.* worthy of him.

5 Luc. *Only I yield to die*;
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight,]; This last line is unintelligible; the reason of which is the loss of the preceding. For by the Circumstances I collect, that the reply of the Soldier to the words, *Only I yield to die*, is wanting; which

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on this rock.

circumstances may lead us too to the discovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the sense of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the Enemy?* to which *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

i. e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt chuse to rid me out of the way, that thou may'st go, without the embarras of prisoners, to the assistance of thy friends who still want it.

Cli.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; ſlaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus* ——
[*Whiſpering.*
Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*
Dar. I do ſuch a deed?
Cli. Oh, *Dardanius!*
Dar. Oh, *Clitus!*
Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; liſt a word.
Vol. What ſays my lord?
Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night; at *Sardis* once;
And, this laſt night, here in *Philippi* fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not ſo, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry, 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee too, *Strato.* —— Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I ſhall

I shall have Glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's History.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand first —— fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*; — *Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

SCENE IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' Saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato?*

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all.
All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæſar:*
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; "This was a Man!"
Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him;
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Reſt; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo.
Friends and Followers of Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus.
Friends to Cæſar.

Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius.
Friends to Pompey.

Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army*.
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes.
Servants to Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras.
Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

" NAY, but this dotage of our General
" O'er-flows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly
" eyes,
" That o'er the files and muſters of the war
" Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
" The office and devotion of their view
" Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
" Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
" The buckles on his breaſt, [1] reneges all temper;
" And is become the bellows, and the fan,
" To cool a Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
" [2] The triple pillar of the world transform'd
" Into a Strumpet's Stool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo.

1 *reneges*] Renounces. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *The triple pillar of the world transform'd*
Into a Strumpet's FOOL.—] The metaphor is here miſerably mangled. We ſhould read,
Into a Strumpet's STOOL.

The

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a [3] bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the ſum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.——

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and moſt like,)
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s? I'd ſay, both?
Call in the Meſſengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: elſe, ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers—

Ant. "Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, [4] and the wide arch
"Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual Pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world [5] to weet,

The *pillar* of the world, ſays he, is transformed into a ſtrumpet's *Stool*. Alluding to the cuſtom of ſtrumpets ſitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax*, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, calls *Therſites*, *Thou* STOOL *for a witch*. *Shakeſpear* too, in the uſe of *pillar* and *ſtool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from Στύλος, *columna*.

3 *bourn*,] Bound or limit.

4 —— *and the wide arch*] Taken from the *Roman* cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble.

5 *to weet*,] To know. Mr. *Pope*.

We

We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the Time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
6 Without ſome pleaſure new: what ſport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. " Fie, wrangling Queen!
" Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
" To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
" To make it ſelf in thee fair and admired.
No Meſſenger, but thine;— and all alone,
To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their Train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. Alexas, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? 7 Oh! that I knew this

6 *Without ſome pleaſure* NOW: ——] We ſhould read NEW: A ſentiment much in character of the luxurious and debauched *Antony*. It is the antitheſis to *conference harſh*.

7 *Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt* CHANGE *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt: the true reading evidently

this husband, which you say, must charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer———

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

[8] *Char.* Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth.

dently is, *must* CHARGE *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands.

8 Char. *Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakespear* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those *ominous* speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspicks, by which *Charmian* died, and after her mistress, were conveyed in a basket of *figs*. *Omens* (a superstition which *Pythagoras* first taught the *Greeks*) were the undesigned consequence of words casually spoken. The words were sometimes taken from the speaker, and applied by

Sooth. You have seen, and proved, a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. 9 Then, belike, my children shall have no names;
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. 1 If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool, I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.———

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? —— give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

by the hearers to the speaker's own affairs, as in the case of *Paulus Æmilius*, after his conquest of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the words of the speaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the case of the same *Paulus*, before his conquest of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinis quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de Divin. l. 1.

9 *Then, belike, my children shall* have no names.] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expression; in which language, ἀνώνυμος signifies both *double-named* and *famous*, because anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits.

1 *If every of your wishes had a womb,*
And foretold *every wish, a million.*] This nonsense should be reformed thus,

If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wish,*——— *Char.*

Char. Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*, ——— Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune. ——— O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Iras. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen!*

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden A *Roman* thought hath ſtruck him. *Enobarbus*, ——

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your ſervice; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Meſſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*

Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*: Whoſe

Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst ?
Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. " When it concerns the fool or coward ; on. —
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus :
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.
Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, [2] extended *Asia* ;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia* ;
Whilst———
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say——
Mes. Oh, my Lord !
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue ;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
[3] When our quick minds lye still ; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing ; fare thee well a while.
Mes. At your noble pleasure.
Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news ? speak there.
Mes. The Man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one ?
[*Exit first Messenger.*
Attend. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear ;
These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you ?

2 —— *extended Asia* ;] *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the lesser *Asia*.

3 *When our quick* WINDS *lye still* ; ——] We should read MINDS. The *m* was accidentally turn'd the wrong way at the press. The sense is this, *While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits : But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harvest.* This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him.

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger, with a Letter.

2 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe ?

2 *Meſ.* In *Sicyon.*

Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.——— [*Exit ſecond Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone ! thus did I deſire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again ; [4] the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf ; ſhe's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus ?*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure ? Sir ?

Ant, I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We ſee, how mortal an unkindneſs is to them ; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing ; though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra,* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly ; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her ; ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no ; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot

4 ——— *the preſent pleaſure,*
By revolution lowring, *does become*
The oppoſite *of* itſelf ; ———] The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe ; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and *by revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf.*

call

call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business, she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
[5] The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry people,
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,

5 *The cause of our* expedience—] *Expedience*, for expedition.

'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main Soldier; whose quality going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like [6] the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.——

I did not send you:——If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;

6 —— *the courser's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. Mr. *Pope*.

It

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,———

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman? you may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know,———

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,———

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia?* riotous madness
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen,———

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our Brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was [7] a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Egypt.*

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart

[7] ——— *a* race *of heav'n.*——] *i. e.* had a smack or flavour of heaven.

Remains in Uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domeſtick Pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould *(a)* ſalve my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboiles ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See, when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, [8] I'm quickly ill, and well:
So *Antony* loves.

8 —— *I'm quickly ill, and well,* ——
So, Antony *loves.*] It ſhould be pointed thus,
I'm quickly ill and well:
So Antony *loves.*
So, i. e. thus fantaſtically and capriciouſly. But the common pointing makes her ſay the quite contrary.

[*(a) ſalve.* Mr. *Theobald.* —— Vulg. *ſave.*]

Ant.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my ſword ———

Cleo. And target——Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word;
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
[9] Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. [1] But that your royalty
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſs itſelf.

9 *Oh, my Oblivion is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulneſs makes me forget myſelf.* But ſhe expreſſes it by calling *forgetfulneſs*, *Antony*; becauſe *forgetfulneſs* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintneſs of expreſſion, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old way of ſpeaking, for* apt to forget every thing.

1 *But that your royalty*
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſs itſelf.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the* greateſt *fool on earth, in chains, I ſhould have adjudged you to be the* greateſt. That this is the ſenſe, is ſhewn by her anſwer,

'Tis ſweating labour
To bear ſuch Idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, *this.* ———

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such Idleness so near the heart,
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword
Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Cæsar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar *reading a Letter*, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar*'s natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit

And

And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon; and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, *(a)* immature in Knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The Diſcontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
[2] It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That

2 *It hath been taught us from the primal State,*
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the ſenſe of this in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read;

[(*a*) *immature in knowledge*, Oxford Editor. — Vulg, *being mature in knowledge.*]

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for *Pompey*'s name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. *Antony*,
Leave thy lascivious wassells;—When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy Palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and what occasion'd this reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

I shall be lov'd, *when I am* lack'd.

Lep.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i'th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.
Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel, my lord:
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. CHarmian, ———
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha —— give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why, Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon. ———
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*, ———
Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou
mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. "He's ſpeaking now,
"Or murmuring, where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*—
"(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed myſelf
"With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
"That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
"And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, [3] I will pace

Her

3 —— *I will* PIECE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.—] This expreſſion of *piecing her throne*, is indeed tolerable; but barely ſo. No bungling carpenter could have expreſſed his labour worſe. I ſuſpect that *Shakeſpear* wrote,
—— *I will* PACE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. *i. e.* I

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;
4 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
5 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly done by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;

i. e. I will erect an imperial throne for her, and every *step* up to it shall be a kingdom. The expression is noble, and the idea vastly magnificent.

4 *And soberly did mount an* arm-gaunt *steed,*] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So *Fairfax*,

His stall worn *steed the champion stout bestrode.*

5 *Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,*
Was beastly DUMB *by him.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *dumb'd*, put to silence. Alexas *means* (says he) *the horse made such a neighing that if he had spoke he could not have been heard.* A very pretty speech, and agreeable to the politeness of one of *Cleopatra*'s courtiers. *Shakespear* wrote,

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly DONE *by him.*

i. e. the sense of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho' in inarticulate sounds. The case was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony*, who recommended a message to him to his mistress. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that instant *Antony* mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance, (such a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their hero's adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but please *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, says he, *to pay my farewel compliments to* Antony, *to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, shewed him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest.* But we are not to suppose that *Alexas* after this did not make his speech, but let the hero's horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumstance, he mentions to please his mistress. The error of *dumb* for *done*, seems to have been occasioned by the editor's mistaking the word *high* for *loud*, whereas it here signifies *sprightly*.

He

He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæſar!*

Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.

Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

Cleo. [6] My ſallad days;

When

6 *My ſallad days:*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then,—] This puzzles the late editor Mr. *Theobald.* He ſays, Cleopatra *may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:* And then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood* ſhe had ſeen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be juſtified, becauſe *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at thoſe years, Κόρη, which by ill luck proves juſt the contrary; for that ſtate which the *Greeks* deſigned by Κόρη, was the very height of blood. But *Shakeſpear*'s beſt juſtification is reſtoring his own ſenſe, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my ſallad days, when I was green in judgment; but.*

When I was green in judgment. —— Cold in blood!
To say, as I said then, —— But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pomp. IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. [1] While we are suitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pomp. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My pow'r's *(a)* a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make

but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.

[1] *While we are suitors to their Throne,* DECAYS
The thing we sue for.] This nonsense should be read thus,
While we are suitors to their Throne, DELAY'S
The thing we sue for.

Menecrates had said, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them. i. e.* the delay of our enemies in making preparation against us; which he explains afterwards, by saying *Mark Antony* was tied up by lust in *Ægypt*; *Cæsar*, by avarice at *Rome*; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both.

[*(a) a crescent,* Mr. *Theobald.* —— Vulg. *are crescent.*]

No

No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets money, where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters Both,
Of Both is flatter'd; but he Neither loves,
Nor Either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs ———.

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er-luſt-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould ſquare between themſelves; For

For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhav't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

Eno. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*.——
Hark, *Ventidius*.

2 *Were I the wearer of* Antonio's beard,
I would not ſhav't to day.] Alluding to the phraſe, *I will beard him.*

Cæſ.

Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas*, aſk *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæſ. Nay, then———

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you!

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal. [3] Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was

3 ——— *Your Wife and Brother*
Made Wars upon me, and their Conteſtation
Was theam *for you, you were the Word of War.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony*'s wife and brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *theam* for *Antony* too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly

Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs : [4] my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did require it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe ? of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of Judgment to me : but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo ;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another ;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſie ; but not ſuch a Wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch Wives, that the Men might go to wars with the Women !

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet : For That you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

directly contrary to the context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote ;

——— *and their conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection.

4 ——— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act : ——] *i. e.* never did make uſe of my name as a pretence for the war.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.
Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
[5] I told him of my ſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*. ———
Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak;
[6] The Honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The article of my oath ——
Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my Greatneſs; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which my ſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk Pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.
Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent Need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas*.

5 *I told him of my ſelf*; ——] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience.
6 *The Honour*'s ſacred ——— J. *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

Eno.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of *Pompey*, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.———

Cæſ. [7] I do not much diſlike the manner, but
The matter of this ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*, let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whoſe Beauty claims

[7] *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner *of his ſpeech:* ———] What, not diſlike the *matter* of it? when he ſays preſently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Beſides, are we to ſuppoſe that common civility would ſuffer him to take the ſame liberty with *Antony*'s lieutenant, that *Antony* himſelf did? *Shakeſpear* wrote,

I do not much diſlike the manner, *but*
The matter *of his ſpeech:* ———

i. e. 'tis not his liberty of ſpeech, but the miſchiefs he ſpeaks of, which I diſlike. This agrees with what follows, and is ſaid with much urbanity, and ſhow of friendſhip.

No

No worſe a Huſband than the beſt of men ;
Whoſe Virtue, and whoſe general Graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak ?

Cæſ. Not till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would ſay, " *Agrippa*, be it ſo,")
To make this good ?

Cæſ. The Power of *Cæſar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment ! let me have thy hand ;
Further this act of grace : and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns !

Cæſ. There is my hand :
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's :
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant.

Ant. Where lyes he ?
Cæſ. About the Mount *Miſenum*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land ?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing : but by Sea
He is an abſolute Maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together ! haſte we for it ;
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs ;
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.
Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas !* my honourable friend, *Agrippa !* ———
Agr. Good *Enobarbus !*
Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted : you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.
Eno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there ; ——Is this true ?
Eno. This was but as a flie by an eagle : we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.
Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.
Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.
Agr. There ſhe appear'd, indeed ; or my reporter devis'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you ;
" The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd Throne,
" Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
" Purple

" Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
" The Winds were love-ſick with 'em ; th' oars were
" ſilver,
" Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
" The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
" As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
" It beggar'd all deſcription ; ſhe did lye
" In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
" [8] O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
" The Fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her,
" Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
" With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
" To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
" And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony !*

Eno. " Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
" So many Mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
" [9] And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
" A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers ; the ſilken tackles
" Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
" That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caſt
Her People out upon her ; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air ; [1] which, but for vacancy,

8 *O'er-picturing that* Venus, *where we ſee* &c.] Meaning the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10.

9 *And made their bends* ADORNINGS.——] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus, her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakeſpear* would ſay : *Cleopatra*, in this famous ſcene, perſonated *Venus* juſt riſing from the waves : at which time the Mythologiſts tell us, the Sea-deities ſurrounded the goddeſs to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable *Cleopatra* had dreſſed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the ſtory repreſented, we may be aſſured *Shakeſpear* wrote,

And made their bends ADORINGS.

They did her obſervance in the poſture of *adoration*, as if ſhe had been *Venus*.

1 —— *which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone ——] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.*

Had

Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.
Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*
Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal Wench!
She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.
Mec. [2] If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blest allott'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

2 *If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle*
The heart of Antony, Octavia *is*
A blessed LOTTERY *to him.*] Methinks, it is a very indifferent compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *lottery*, as if she might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *prize* to *Antony*. The poet wrote, as I have reform'd the text, ALLOTTERY, there being as much difference between *lottery* and *allottery*, as between a present designation and a future chance.

Eno.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but That to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

SCENE IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt*?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. [2] I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher, *Cæsar*'s or mine?

Sooth. *Cæsar*'s.—— Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
[3] Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.——
If thou dost play with him at any game,

2 *I see it in my* motion,—] *i. e.* the divinatory agitation.

3 *Becomes a* Fear,——] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by; I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him.
[*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*; be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*,
Enter Ventidius.
You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receiv't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Soldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you Both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love——

Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian.*

Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*

Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!——oh times! ——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan.* Oh, from *Italy!* ——

5 *Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt I wore his ſword* Philippan.—] This is finely imagined. The ſpeaker is ſuppoſed to do this in imitation of *Omphale*, in her treatment of *Hercules* the great anceſtor of *Antony*.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! Madam! ——
Cleo. Antony's dead? ——
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
[6] Not like a formal man.
Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet, if thou ſay *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
[7] I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

6 *Not like a* formal *man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary.

7 *I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail Rich pearls upon thee.*] That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eaſtern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with *gold-duſt* and *ſeed-pearl*: ſo *Milton*,

—— *the gorgeous Eaſt with liberal hand*
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane* written by a *Perſian* contemporary author, are the following words, as tranſlated by Monſieur *Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap 1. *Les Princes du ſang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries* ſelon la coûtume.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Mef. And friends with *Cæſar.*

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Mef. *Cæſar* and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, Madam———

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
[8] The good precedence; fie upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and thou ſay'ſt, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch report.
He's bound unto *Octavia.*

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the beſt turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian.*

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia.*

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou had'ſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*

8 *The good* precedence;—] *Precedence*, for Precedent.

Mef.

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt ——
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf: ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.
Re-enter the Meſſenger.
Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Mef. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, *Yes.*
Mef. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Mef. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married? —
Mef. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married? ——
Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,

(a) That say'st but what thou'rt sure of! — Get thee hence,
The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em;

[*Exit Mes.*

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* —— 'tis no matter. ——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly, ——
Let him for ever go —— let him not, *Charmian*;
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
Th' other way he's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, *near* Misenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another*, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

[*(a) That say'st but what* — Oxford Editor. —— Vulg. *That art not what* ——]

Pom.

Rom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,——I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whoſe burthen
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent,) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia:* and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of Pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome:* this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd

To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience.——Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' th' East are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
[9] What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

9 *What* counts *hard fortune* casts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

Eno.

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, Soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four Feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.
Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this Treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.
Eno. At ſea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Eno. " You have done well by water.
Men. " And you by land.
Eno. " [1] I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

1 *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous ſentiment (which gives us ſo very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character like the ſpeaker's; and the moral leſſon inſinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way thro' the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflexion.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander ——— they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæsar*'s Sister is called *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now she is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not prophesie so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so: which is *Mark Antony.* He will to his *Ægyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is: He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt.*

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

On Board Pompey's *Galley.*

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: ſome o'their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser. Lepidus* is high colour'd.

1 *Ser.* [2] They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* [3] As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' Drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale i'th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the Seedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

2 *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phraſe, amongſt good fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to *Cæſar* and *Antony*'s admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy.

3 *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition,*] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place.*

Lep.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant Ay, *Lepiaus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy*'s Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus,*

Keep

Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pom. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors,
Are in thy Veſſel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow [4] thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him aſhoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas*.——
[*Pointing to* Lepidus.

4——*thy* pall'd *fortunes*——] Pall'd, *i. e.* dead. Metaphor taken from funeral ſolemnities.

Men.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa.
Here is to *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our Drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you; then the Boy ſhall ſing:
The Holding every man ſhall beat as loud
As his ſtrong Sides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,

Let

Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. [5] Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's houſe.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on ſhoar;
No, to my cabin—— theſe drums!
Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo, ſays a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa!—— noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt*; *the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him*, Silius, Roman *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Ven. NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus*' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body

5 *Oh*, Antony, *you have my father's houſe.*] The hiſtorian *Paterculus* ſays, *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Miſenum pax inita: Qui laud abſurdè, cum in nave Cæſaremque & Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit:* in Carinis ſuis ſe cœnam dare: *referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio poſſidebatur:* Our author, tho' he loſt the joke, yet ſeems willing to commemorate the ſtory.

Before

Before our Hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh, *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,
One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his Favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, [1] That, without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grant ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignifie what in his name,
[2] That magical word of war, we have effected;

1 ——— ——— *That, without the which*
A ſoldier and his ſword grant *ſcarce diſtinction:*] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed; but the ſenſe is this, *Thou haſt that*, Ventidius, *which if thou didſt want, there would be no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would both be equally cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wiſdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his advantages: And his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

2 *That* magical *word of war*, ——] This admirably well expreſſes what the *Romans* meant by their *Auſpicium Ducis*: in which they were ſo remarkably ſuperſtitious.

How

How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten Horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there; —— paſs along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to ROME.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.
Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar!*
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*
Eno. *Cæſar?* why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.
Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter?*
Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar?* oh! the non-pareil!
Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!
Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay, — *Cæſar*; go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.
Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony:*
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle; ſo—
This is to horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*

Agr.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I've ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæſ. What, *Octavia?*

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; "the Swan's down-feather,
"That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
"And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.

Agr.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæs. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*Kisses* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:— Come Thou near.
Mes. Most gracious Majesty,——
Cleo. Did'st thou behold
Octavia?

Mes.

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where ?
Mef. In *Rome*, Madam.
I lookt her in the face ; and faw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.
Cleo. Is fhe as tall as me ?
Mef. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didft hear her fpeak ? is fhe fhrill-tongu'd, or low ?
Mef. Madam, I heard her fpeak, fhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not fo good ; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her ? oh *Ifis !* 'tis impoffible.
Cleo. I think fo, *Charmian* ; dull of tongue and dwarfifh.
What Majefty is in her gait ? remember,
If e'er thou look'dft on Majefty.
Mef. She creeps ;
Her motion and her ftation are as one :
She fhews a body rather than a life,
A ftatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain ?
Mef. [3] Or I have no obfervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing.
I do perceiv't ; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guefs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mef. Madam, fhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow ? *Charmian*, hark.
Mef. And I do think, fhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ft thou her face in mind ? is't long, or round ?
Mef. Round even to faultinefs.
Cleo. For th' moft part too,
They're fooliſh that are fo. Her hair, what colour ?

3 *Or I have no* obfervance.] *Obfervance*, for obfervation or ability of obferving.

Mef.

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That ſo I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to aſk him yet, good *Charmian:*
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excuſable, That and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was given him, he (*a*) not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

[(*a*) *not took't*, Dr. *Thirlby*. —— Vulg. *not look'd.*]

Oct.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, oh, bleſs my lord and huſband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh, bleſs my brother! Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it; if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte;
So, your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

4 ——— *wars 'twixt you 'twain would be*, &c.] The thought is wonderfully ſublime. It is taken from *Curtius*'s leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order to cloſe the gap. As that was cloſed by one *Roman*, ſo it is inſinuated, that if the whole world were to cleave, *Romans* only could *ſolder* up the chaſm. The expreſſion is exact. For as metal is ſoldered by metal more pure and noble, ſo the globe was to be ſoldered up by men, who are only a more refined earth.

Eno.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old ; what is the success ?

Eros. *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalty, would not let him partake in the glory of the action ; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, seizes him ; so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more : and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony ?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus ; and spurns The rush that lies before him. Crys, " fool *Lepidus !* And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar* ; more, *Domitius*, My lord desires you presently ; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught ; but let it be ; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace in Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more, In *Alexandria* ; here's the manner of it : I'th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd, *Cleopatra* and himself in chairs of gold Were publickly enthron'd ; at the feet, sat *Cæsario*, whom they call my father's son ; And all the unlawful issue, that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, Absolute Queen.

Mec.

Mec. This in the publick eye ?

Cæſ. I'th' common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe,
His ſons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings ;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander* ; to *Ptolemy* he aſſign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia* : ſhe
In the habiliments of the Goddeſs *Iſis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe ?

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some Shipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone :
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with Attendants.*

Oct. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my lord ! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar !*

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt-away !

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon us thus ? you come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter ; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and

The

The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. [5] Which ſoon he granted,
Being an Obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,

5 *Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an Abſtract *'tween his luſt and him.*] *Antony* very ſoon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate paſſion and him; this is abſurd. We muſt read,

Being an Obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with *Cleopatra*.

Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not we be there in perſon?

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the preſident of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet

Are thoſe that often have againſt *Pompey* fought;
Their ſhips are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sol. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sol. By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not

Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola,* and *Celius,* are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome,*
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one *Taurus.*

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius.*

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *with his army marching.*

Cæsar. *Taurus!*

Taur. My lord.

Cæsar. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Canidius, *marching with his land-army one way over the stage; and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæsar, *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;

[6] Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty, flie, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddesses,
All the whole Synod of them!

Eno What's thy passion?

Scar. [7] The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kist away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. " On our side like the token'd pestilence,
" Where death is sure. Your [8] ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
" (Whom leprosie o'ertake!) i' th' midst o' th' fight,
" (When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
" Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;)
" The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
" Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. " She once being looft,
" The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
" Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
" Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Most grosly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

6 *Th'* Antonias, *&c.*] Which *Plutarch* says, was the name of *Cleopatra*'s ship. Mr. *Pope.*

7 *The greater* cantle ——] A piece or lump. Mr. *Pope.*

8 *Ribauld*] A luxurious squanderer. Mr. *Pope.*

Can.

Can. Towards *Peloponneſus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Omnes. Fly! not we.
Ant. I've fled myſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd That I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I've loſt command,
Therefore, I pray you—— I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.
Char. Do? why, what elſe?

Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam———

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. " Yes, my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
" His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
" The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*; 9 and 'twas I,
" That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now—no matter——

Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen———

Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.

Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!

Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

9 ——— *and 'twas I,*
That the MAD Brutus *ended;*—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and publick liberty, *madneſs*; yet the *Oxford Editor* changes it to *ſad* Brutus.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me.——
We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others.*

Cæs. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,

A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them Both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands:
[*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*; promiſe, [*To* Thyreus.
And, in our name, when ſhe requires, add more
(From thine invention) offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. [1] *(a)* Drink, and die.

1 *Drink, and die.*] This reply of *Enobarbus* ſeems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*, they inſtituted a ſociety of friends who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, exceſs and riot, in which they had liv'd before. *Oxford Editor.*

[*(a) Drink, and die.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *think, and die.*]
Cleo.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambassador.*

Ant. Is that his answer?
Amb. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.
Amb. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With Principalities.
Cleo. Thy head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular; his coyn, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
[2] To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,

2 *To lay his gay* comparisons *apart*,
And answer me declin'd, ---] The sense is, let him not insist on the inequality of our conditions, but descend to my low estate, and meet me single. I suppose *Shakespear* coined the word *comparisons* analogically from the *Italian*, which says, *vestito positivamente*, to signify one cloathed simply and modestly, in opposition to the *comparative* and *superlative*. But, as usual, he has made it serve to quibble to—*declin*, another term of Grammar.

Our

Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' show
Against a sworder.——" I see, men's judgments are
" A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
" Do draw the inward quality after them,
" To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see, my women,——

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar*'s will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. [3] He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has:
Or needs not us if *Cæsar* please. Our master
Will leap to be his friend: for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar*'s.

3 *He needs as many, Sir, as* Cæsar *has*:
Or needs not us. If Cæsar *please, our master*
Will leap, &c.] All sense is lost in this false pointing, which should be reformed thus,

He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar *has*;
Or needs not us if Cæsar *please. Our master*
Will leap &c.

i.e. while he is at enmity with *Cæsar* he needs a power equal to *Cæsar*'s; but if he pleases to receive *Antony* into his friendship he will then want no other support. This is sensible and polite.

Thyr.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, [4]*Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Go on;——right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Eno. To be ſure of that,——
I will aſk *Antony*——Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.
Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your ſelf under his ſhroud, the univerſal land-
lord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.
Cleo. [5] Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this; in deputation

4——— Cæſar *intreats*,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.] i. e. Cæſar *intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you would conſider he is* Cæſar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them.

5 *Moſt kind meſſenger,*
Say to great Cæſar *this in* DISPUTATION,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:——] The poet certainly wrote,
Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this: in* DEPUTATION
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:
i. e. by *Proxy*: I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.

I kiſs

I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe!
" Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
" If that the former dare but what it can,
" No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE X.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders———
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite; now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, hoa!
[6] Like boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!———
Whip him:——— Were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)— whip him, fellows———

6 *Like boys unto a muſs,*—] *i. e.* a ſcramble. Mr. *Pope.*

'Till,

'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony ———

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blasted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord, ———

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; that kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! ——O that I were
Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady feaver thee,
Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:———
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.———

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison't in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! the next *Cæsario* smite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the *(a)* discandying of this pelletted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm satisfied:

(a) discandying. Dr. *Thirlby.*—First Folio. *discandering.*]

Cæsar

Cæsar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, lady
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when my hours
7 Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought, t'have held it poor: But since my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my Queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. " Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious,
" Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
" The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,
" A diminution in our captain's brain
" Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

7 *Were nice and lucky.*——] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their Army.* Cæsar *reading a Letter.*

Cæs. HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to *Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He's twenty men to one.

Ant.

Ant. To morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, " take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to night
Enter Servants.
Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well
And Kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [1] 'Tis one of thoſe odd Traits, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The Gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,——

[1] *'Tis one of thoſe odd* TRICKS,——] The uniformity of the metaphor leads us to ſee that *Shakeſpear* wrote TRAITS, arrows, ſhafts. A ſimilar expreſſion we have in *Cymbeline*: *'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing, which the brain makes of fumes. J'ai eté quelque tems à entendre ce que vous voulez me dire par un* TRAIT *que vos* tirez *contre moi*, ſays M. *de Turenne* in one of his letters; where the word *trait* has much the ſame ſignification as in the place before us. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *freaks*; but ſure any thing which is predicated of *freaks* may be predicated of *tricks*, and nonſenſe for nonſenſe, the old ſhould keep its ground as being in poſſeſſion.

A mangled

A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now [2] the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good night: to morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good night to you

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.

[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*

2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.

2 —— *the witch* take *me*,——] *i. e.* blaſt, bewitch.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[*Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Musick i'th' air.———
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.———
It signes well, does it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say: what should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—false, false; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now;
Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros.

Ero. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good morrow, General!
All. Good morrow, General!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way—well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*,——but now,—well on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar*'s camp
Say, "I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
[3] Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
[4] Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Mark Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant those, that have revolted, in the Van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

3 *Our will is*, Antony *be took alive*;] It is observable with what judgment *Shakespear* draws the character of *Octavius*. *Antony* was his Hero; so the other was not to shine; yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidst these difficulties *Shakespear* has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful.

4 *Shall bear the olive* freely.] *i. e.* shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

His

His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; beſt you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt: I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo, moſt. O *Antony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee! —— no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life.

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, [5] and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

5 —— *and our* oppreſſion] *Oppreſſion*, for oppoſition.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; [6] run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts; to morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all
Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

" [7] To this great Faiery I'll commend thy acts,
" Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' world,
" [8] Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

6 ——— *run one before,*
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts;—] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his officers in the Palace. We muſt read,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts.
i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common uſe

7 *To this great* Faiery ——] For *Inchantreſs*, in which ſenſe the word is often uſed in the old romances.

8 Chain *mine arm'd neck*; ——] Alluding to the gothic cuſtom of men of worſhip wearing gold chains about the neck.

" Through

" Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
" 9 Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
" The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy [1] favouring hand:
Kiſs it, my warrior; he hath fought to day,
" As if a God in hate of mankind had
" Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
[2] Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

9 Ride *on the pants triumphing.*] Alluding to an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm. The metaphor is extremely fine.

1 Here Mr. *Theobald* reſtores an *ſ* depoſed by the printer to make room for an *ſ*.

2 *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.*] *i. e.* hackt as much as the men are, to whom they belong.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' Court of Guard; the night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

1 *Watch.* This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

2 *Watch.* What man is this?

1 *Watch.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. " Oh sovereign Mistress of true melancholy,
" The poisonous damp of night [2] dispunge upon me,
" That life, a very rebel to my will,
" May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar.*

2 *Watch.* Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 —— dispunge *upon me.*] *Dispunge* a word of his own invention, from the squeezing out a sponge upon any one.

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.

[*Drums afar off.*

3 Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
4 Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *and his Army.*

Cæs. 5 But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

3 *Hark, how the drums* demurely ——] *Demurely* for solemnly. The *Oxford Editor* changes *demurely* to *din early*.

4 *Where their* appointment *we may best discover,*
And look on their endeavour.] *i. e.* where we may best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*.

5 *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*
Which, as I take't, we shall;—] *i. e.* unless we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not *being charg'd, we will be still by land,*
Which as I take't we shall not.

Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly,
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
"Oh, Sun, thy uprife ſhall I ſee no more:
"Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
"Do we ſhake hands—allcome to this! --- [7] the hearts,
"That

[7] ——— *The hearts,*
That PANNELL'D *me at heels*, &c.] *Pannelling at heels* muſt mean here, *following*: but where was the word ever found in ſuch a ſenſe? *Pannel* ſignifies but three things, that I know, in the *Engliſh* tongue, none of which will ſuit with the alluſions here requiſite; *viz.* That roll or ſchedule of parchment on which the names of a jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empannelling*; a pane or ſlip of wainſcot; and a packſaddle for beaſts of

" That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
" Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
" On blossoming *Cæsar:* and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt!* this gay Charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me [8] to the very heart of loss.
What *Eros! Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.———

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians;*
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. [9] Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up

of burden. The text is corrupt, and *Shakespear* must certainly have wrote;

That PANTLER'D *me at heels;*

i. e. run after me like footmen, or *pantlers*; which word originally signified the servants who have the care of the bread, but is used by our poet for a menial servant in general, as well as in its native acceptation

Thus in *Cymbeline*,

A bilding for a liv'ry, a Squire's cloth,
A PANTLER; ———

And in *Timon*,

——— *page thy heels,*
And skip when thou point'st out.

8 ——— *to the very* heart of loss.] *i. e.* to the very centre; alluding to the term of the *heart of wood.*

9 ——— *most monster-like, be shewn*
For poor'st diminutives, for DOLTS; ——] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives,* must mean for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word,

for DOITS, *i. e.* farthings.

which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives.*

[1] With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone ;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury ; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa !
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me ; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor ; thy rage
[2] *(a)* Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
Subdue *(b)* thy worthieſt ſelf. The Witch ſhall die ;
To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot : ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa ! [*Exit*.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield ; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument,
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead :
" The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
" Than Greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument :
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf ;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony* ;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE X.

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.

1 *With her* prepared *nails.*——] *i. e.* with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe.

2 *Led thee lodge* Lichas *on the horns o' th' moon,*] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from *Seneca*'s *Hercules*, who ſays *Lichas* being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. *Sophocles*, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate.

[*(a) Led thee lodge* Lichas,—*Oxford Editor*——Vulg. *Let me lodge* Lichas.]

[*(b)* —*thy worthieſt ſelf.*——Oxford Editor——Vulg. *my worthieſt ſelf.*]

Eros.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. ‘ Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
‘ A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
‘‘A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
‘ And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe
‘ ſigns,
‘ They are black Veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. ‘ That, which is now a horſe, even with a
‘ thought
‘ The Rack diſſimns, and makes it indiſtinct
‘ As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has
3 Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph———
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end ourſelves.

3 Packt cards *with* Cæſar, *and* falſe play'd *my Glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph ——] *Shakeſpear* has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either ſignifies *Octavius*'s conqueſts, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing ſort*. This uſe of the word ſitted the venerable *Latimer* with a quibbling text to a ſermon, preached to the ſcholars at *Cambridge* againſt card-playing, from *Proverbs*, as it is in the old tranſlation, *My ſon be wiſe, and make the heart triumph*; which ſignified either, *Make the heart glad*, or *make hearts trumps*.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony!*
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. 'Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
' And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
' Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
' Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
' Then in the midſt a tearing Groan did break
' The name of *Antony*; it was divided
' Between her heart and lips; ſhe render'd life,
' Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off;——
The ſeven fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace.
No more a Soldier——bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne;——from me awhile——
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; 4 ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!

4—— ſeal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the *ſealing* compleats the contract; ſo he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but

Eros!—I come, my Queen——*Eros!*—ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the Ghoſts gaze;
5 *Dido* and her *Sichæus* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.——Come, *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ſhips, made cities; condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
"I'm conqueror of myſelf." Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour, that on my command thou then
Would'ſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee

but to give the ſtroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to *ſleep then*

5 Dido *and her* ÆNEAS *ſhall want troops*,] But *Dido*'s fondneſs did not reach to the other world: She then deſpiſed *Æneas*, and return'd to her old affection for SICHÆUS.

Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In Nemus umbriferum: Conjunx ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet curis, æquatque Sichæus *amorem.*

I ſhould think, therefore, that the poet wrote,

Dido *and her* SICHÆUS ——

And the rather, becauſe the compariſon of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is remarkably appoſite. *Sichæus* was murder'd by his brother *Pygmalion* for his wealth, on which his wife *Dido* fled into *Africa*: So *Antony* was fought with and defeated at *Actium* by his brother *Octavius*, for his ſhare of the dominion of the world, whereon *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into *Ægypt*.

Thy

Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.——— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis said, man,———and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then——— [Eros *kills himself.*
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of *Antony*'s death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Nobleness in record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard—ho!—oh, dispatch me.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is faln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophe-
ſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The Guard,
What, hoa!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument:

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your Monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. [6] O thou Sun,
Turn from th' great Sphere thou mov'st in! —— darkling stand The

6 *O thou Sun,*
BURN *the great Sphere thou mov'st in* — darkling stand
The varying *shore o' th' world!*] —— *The varying shore o'th' world! i. e.* of the *Earth*, where light and darkness make an incessant

The varying shore o' th' world! O *Antony!*
Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'erthrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.
Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Lest I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
7 And still conclusion shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up——
Assist, good friends.
Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove*'s side. Yet come a little,——
Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.

incessant *variation*. But then, if the Sun should set on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the Earth *stand darkling?* On the contrary it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow *Cleopatra* not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

TURN FROM *th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!*——

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the *varying shore* would become *invariably dark*.

7 *And* still conclusion,——] *i. e.* sedately collected in herself, which even the sight of me could not stir up into passion.

And

And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd;
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety——
oh! ——

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about *Cæſar*.

Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' th' world,
The nobleſt once; and do not now baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more —— [Antony *dies*.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men! ——woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt —— my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints*.

Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam ——
Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!
Char. [8] Peace, peace, *Iſis!*
Cleo. " No more but a mere woman; and commanded
" By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
" And does the meaneſt chares!—It were for me
" To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious Gods;
" To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
" 'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught:
" Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does

8 *Peace, peace,* IRAS.] *Cleopatra* is fallen into a ſwoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her ſeveral titles. At length, *Charmian* ſays to the other, *Peace, peace,* Iras; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herſelf, and replies to theſe laſt words, *No, you are miſtaken, I am a mere woman like yourſelf.* Thus ſtands this ſenſeleſs dialogue. But *Shakeſpear* never wrote it ſo: We muſt obſerve then, that the two women call her by her ſeveral titles, to ſee which beſt pleaſed her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only Men, but Gods too, had ſome names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would ſooneſt anſwer to; as we may ſee by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids ſay, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal Ægypt, Empreſs.* And now we come to the place in queſtion; *Charmian*, when ſhe ſaw none of theſe titles had their effect, invokes her by a ſtill more flattering one;

Peace, peace, ISIS!

for ſo it ſhould be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by theſe titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddeſs ISIS. And now *Cleopatra*'s anſwer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a mere woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks.

i. e. I now ſee the folly of aſſuming to myſelf thoſe flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman and ſubject to all the paſſions of the meaneſt of my ſpecies. Here the Poet has followed Hiſtory exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who ſays, that *Cleopatra* aſſumed the habit and attributes of that Goddeſs, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλήθος ἐξιοῦσα, στολὴν ἑτέραν ἱερὰν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε.

" Become

" Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
" To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
" Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
" What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
" My noble girls? —— ah, women, women! look,
" Our lamp is ſpent, it's out— good Sirs, take heart,
" We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
" Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
" And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the brieſeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

Cæſ. GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, oh, *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perfiſted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.

Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where

Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.——
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, (her monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
(a) Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius*? [*Exit* Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

[*(a) would be eternaling.* Oxford Editor.—— Vulg. *would be eternal in.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her Will; [1] and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
(Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dugg:)
The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar*'s.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

[1] ——————— *and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.] The action of Suicide is here said, *to shackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurse, and* Cæsar's. So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said, that *it sleeps and never palates more the Dung*, we find neither sense nor propriety: which is occasion'd by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus,

——————— *and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
(*Which sleeps, and never palates more the* DUGG:)
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of* Cæsar *and the beggar.*

Cleo.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom; if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conqu'ror [2] that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, [3] and I ſend him
The Greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here* Gallus, *and Guard, aſcend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.*

Gall. You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.

Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.——

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*

[*The Monument is open'd*; Proculeius *ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.*

2 —— *that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. *Oxford Editor.*

3 —— —— *and I ſend him*
The Greatneſs he has got. ——] *i. e.* I have nothing to ſend him, alluding to the preſents ſent by vaſſals to their lords.

Pro.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, [4] who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
[5] If idle time will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlotry
Of cens'ring *Rome?* rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend

4 —— *who are in this*
RELIEV'D, but *not betray'd.*] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakespear* used the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he used another word the reply shews, *What, of death too:* which will not agree with *reliev'd*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,
BEREAV'D, *but not betray'd.*
i. e. bereav'd of death, or of the means of destroying your self, *but* not *betray'd* to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before *bereav'd* of *Antony*. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent.

5 *If idle* TALK *will once be necessary,*] This nonsense should be reform'd thus,
If idle TIME *will once be necessary.*
i. e. if *repose* be necessary to cherish life, I will not sleep.

These

Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

SCENE III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella,*
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her;
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little [6] O o'th' Earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature!——

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends.
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An *(a)* Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery

6 A *round O* reſtored by Mr. *Theobald*,
[*(a) Autumn.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *Antony.*]

Walk'd

Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra ——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with Fancy, [7] yet t'imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Prize 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loss is as yourself great; and you bear it,
As answ'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable ——

7 —— *yet t' imagine*
An Antony *were Nature's* PIECE *'gainst Fancy,*
Condemning shadows quite.] This is a fine sentiment; but by the false reading and pointing become unintelligible. Though, when set right, obscure enough to deserve a comment. *Shakespear* wrote,
—— —— *yet t' imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's* PRIZE *'gainst Fancy,*
Condemning shadows quite.
The sense of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furnish out real forms, for every model that the boundless power of the imagination can sketch out:* [Nature wants matter to vye strange forms with Fancy.] *But tho' this be true in general, that* nature *is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *yet it must be owned, that, when* nature *presents an* Antony *to us, she then gets the better of* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* Or, in our author's phrase, [*condemns shadows quite.*] The word PRIZE, which I have restored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony*.

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there, —— *Cæsar.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise, rise, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,
[8] I cannot procter mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.
Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave. ——
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest, shall

8 *I cannot* project *mine own cause so well*] *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it; which is the sense here required. It is plain then we should read,

I cannot PROCTER *mine own cause so well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate.

Hang

Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of———'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted———where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more Truſt
Than love that's hir'd — What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! — it ſmites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; ——
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits

9 Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus.*

Cleo. 1 Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put We i' th' roll of Conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:

9 *Through th' ashes of my* chance:] Or *fortune.* Alluding to an imperial edifice burnt down and reduced to ashes. So that the meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the *Oxford Editor* to alter it to *mischance.*

1 *Be't known, that we the Greatest are misthought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.] This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus,

Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.* But she softens the word *merit* into *pity.* The reason of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much censure from *Octavius,* which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery, might likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reasonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus,

——— *And when we fall,*
We pander *others' merits* with *our names;*
And *therefore to be pitied.*

Make

Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so:—adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his train.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian.* [*Whispers* Charmian.
Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again. ———
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charm.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on *Cæsar.* [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasie aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my Greatneſs,
I' th' poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now, *Charmian*,

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go ——
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed;
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day —— bring our Crown, and all.

[*A noiſe within.*

Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument

[*Exit Guardſman.*

May do a noble deed! —— he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: [2] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

2 —— —— *now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the *Egyptian* devotion paid to the moon under the name of *Iſis*.

Enter

Enter Guardſman *and* Clown *with a baſket.*

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. 'Truly, I have him: but I would not be 'the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his 'biting is immortal: thoſe, that do die of it, do ſel-'dom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. 'Very many, men and women too. I heard 'of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very ho-'neſt woman, but ſomething given to lie, as a woman 'ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe 'dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, 'ſhe makes a very good report o' th' worm: [3] but he, 'that will believe half that they ſay, ſhall never be 'ſaved by all that they do: but this is moſt fallible, 'the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. 'I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. 'You muſt think this, look you, that the 'worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. 'Look you, the worm is not to be truſted 'but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there 'is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. 'Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, 'for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. 'You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but 'I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I 'know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil 'dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whorſon devils

3 —*But he, that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by* half *that they do.*] *Shakeſpear's* Clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places.

' do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in
' every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. ' Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' th' worm,
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Cleo. " Give me my Robe, put on my Crown; I have
" Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
" The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
" Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick——methinks, I hear
" *Antony* call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
" To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
" The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
" T' excuſe their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
" Now to that name my courage prove my title!
" I am fire, and air; my other elements
" I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
" Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
" Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
" Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [*To* Iras.
" If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
" The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
" Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
" If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
" It is not worth leave taking. [Iras *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe——
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heav'n to have. " Come, mortal wretch,
" With thy ſharp teeth [4] this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
" Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
" Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, could'ſt thou ſpeak,

4 —— *this knot* intrinſicate] The expreſſion is fine; it ſignifies a hidden, ſecret [*intrinſecus*] knot, as that which ties ſoul and body together.

That

That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* ass,
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. 'Peace, peace!
'Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,'
'That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
O *Antony!*——Nay, I will take thee too.
[*Applying another asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay—— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd——Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen;
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent——
[Charmian *applies the Asp.*
Char. Too slow a messenger.
Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: *Cæsar*'s beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.
Ah, soldiers!—— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead!
Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!

1 *Gent.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail;
And theſe fig leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile.*

Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She has purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony.*
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome:* come, *Dolabella,* ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britaine.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Huſband,*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Belarius.
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Luçius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britaine; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our brows
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
But seem, as does the King's.

1 *You do not meet a man, but* frowns: *our* BLOODS
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
But seem, *as does the King's.*] The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our Courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading-*our bloods* is wrong. For though the blood may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore,

——— *our* BROWS
No more obey the heavens &c.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man, but frowns.

And from the following,

——— *But not a Courtier,*
Altho' they wear their faces *to the* bent
Of the King's look, *but hath a heart that is*
Glad at the thing they scoul *at* ———

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,

——— *our* looks
No more obey the heart *ev'n than our courtiers*;

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom, (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded; ——
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* [2] You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* [3] I don't extend him, Sir: Within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.*

2 *You speak him* far.] *i. e.* largely in his praise. *Shakespear* with his common licence, only uses the *length* for the *breadth*.

3 *I* DO EXTEND *him, Sir,* within *himself*;
Crush him together, ——] Thus the late Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the passage, and explained it in this manner; *I extend him within the lists and compass of his merit:* Which is just as proper as to say, *I go out within doors.* To *extend* a thing *within* itself is the most insufferable nonsense: because the very etymology of the word shews, that it signifies the drawing out any

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

any thing BEYOND its *liſts and compaſs*. Beſides, a common attention was ſufficient to perceive that *Shakeſpear*, in this ſentence, uſed *extend and cruſh together*, as the direct oppoſites to one another; which, in this Editor's ſenſe, they are not; but only different degrees of the ſame thing. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

I DON'T EXTEND *him, Sir; within himſelf*
Cruſh him together ——

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I cruſh him together.

He

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing
Mark it;) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them,———

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, *and Attendants.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus,*
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I some-

I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure — yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries: to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: — adieu:

Imo. Nay, stay a little ———
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and Sweetest, Fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To

To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt priſ'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!———

Cym. Thou baſeſt Thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight:
If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.

Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. [4] O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your Vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; [5] a touch more rare

4 *O diſloyal thing,*
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's *age on me.*] The King lov'd his daughter, and was much vex'd and diſappointed at her having married againſt his conſent. But, ſurely, his ſorrow was not very extreme, if the effects of it only added one year to his age; we muſt correct,
A yare age on me.
i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, old age. For the word ſignifies not only *nimble, dextrous,* as it is many times employ'd in our author; but likewiſe, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus,* præceps, *impatiens.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
———*Thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me.

5— *a touch more* rare.] More ſtrong, forcible; alluding to the ſtroke of lightening.

Subdues

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.

Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.

Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my Throne
A Seat for Baſeneſs.

Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.

Cym. What!— art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! 'would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh Thing;——
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her, [*To the Queen.*
And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech you patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?

Piſ. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! ———
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?
Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. ——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſom as That you vent.

Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it——— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carkaſs, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' backſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, towards your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me! ——

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. [6] She's a good Shine, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Piſanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'th'haven,

6 *She's a good* ſign.] If *ſign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *conſtellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the anſwer, that he wrote *ſhine*. So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*.

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their ſhine.

And

And queſtion'd'ſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, [7] 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

Piſ. 'Twas, His Queen, his Queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Piſ. And kiſs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linnen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Piſ. No, Madam; [8] for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. 'I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
'To look upon him; [9] 'till the diminution
Of's

7 ——— *'twere a paper loſt*
As offer'd mercy is ———] i. e. *Should one of his letters miſcarry, the loſs would be as great as the offer'd mercy of heaven neglected or rejected.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
——— *'twere a paper loſt,*
With *offer'd mercy* in it.

8 ——— *for ſo long*
As he could make me with his *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others,—] But how could *Poſthumus* make himſelf diſtinguiſh'd by his *ear* to *Piſanio?* By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly *Shakeſpear*'s intention. We muſt therefore read,
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.
The expreſſion is δεικτικῶς, as the *Greeks* term it: the party ſpeaking points to the part ſpoken of.

9 ——— *'till the diminution*
OF SPACE *had pointed him ſharp as my needle;*] But the increaſe of diſtance is the augmentation, not the *diminution* of *ſpace*

' Of's ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
' Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
' The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
' Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—— But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
" Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
" How I would think on him, at certain hours,
" Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
" The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
" Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
" At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
" T'encounter me with Oriſons; (for then
" I am in heaven for him;) [1] or ere I could
" Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
" Betwixt two charming words, [2] comes in my Father;
" And,

ſpace between the object and the beholder: which augmentation occaſions the diminution of the object. We ſhould read therefore,

——— —— *'till the diminution*
OF'S SPACE ———

i. e. of his ſpace, or of that ſpace which his body occupied; and this is the *diminution* of the object by the augmentation of ſpace.

1 ——— —— *or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words.—] There is an inexpreſſible prettineſs in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem ſet between two others of a different kind. But what were theſe two *charming words*, between which the *kiſs* was ſet? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we conſider *Shakeſpear* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are uſed to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the paſſage will be loſt. Without queſtion by theſe *two charming words* ſhe would be underſtood to mean,

ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one *Religion* made ſo; and the other, *Love*.

2 ——— ——— *comes in my Father*;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed this image of the *North wind ſhaking the tender buds*, to expreſs her father's rage at the diſcovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have ſaid.

Shakes

" And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
" Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britaine*; he was then of a crescent Note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items.*

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with That which makes him both without and within.

Shakes all our buds from growing;
because by banishing *Posthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this case the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing passed, the discovery had been made, and his banishment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Posthumus* was taking his last farewel of her; and while they were going to interchange some tender, words to one another, which was a pleasure, had it not been interrupted, but of a short and momentary duration. In this case then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees*, but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if so, the present reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we must conclude that *Shakespear* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening as full-blown flowers do. And I suppose that his using the word *blowing* here, was the reason why in the foregoing line he says, BREATHING *of the North*, instead of *blowing* of the North; (tho' breathing be not very proper to express the rage and bluster of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been used in two different senses, would have had an ill effect.

French.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment ———

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton.* Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend

not to say, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fain both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chast, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. [3] If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

3 *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could* NOT *believe, she excelled many*] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, *I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho' I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.*

Post.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you: ——

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier [4] to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no. ——

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

4 *to* convince *the honour of my mistress*;] *Convince*, for overcome.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's That?

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: [5] my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my Speeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

[5] —— *my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.*
Iach. *You are a* Friend, *and therein the wiſer;*] I correct it,
You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*
What *Iachimo* ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.
But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.
Iach.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. [6] If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britaine*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Iachimo:

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt:*

6 Iach. — *If I bring you* NOT *sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are* YOURS; *so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, *&c.*

Post. *I embrace these conditions,* &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Posthumus embraces* them: as well he might; for *Iachimo* mentions only *that* of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Posthumus*, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, (in case she preserv'd it not) *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus, *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd,* &c. *my ten thousand ducats are* MINE; *so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour,* &c. *she your jewel,* &c. *and my gold are* yours.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Viol.*

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste. ——— Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, Madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam;
But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.
Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not meet
That I did amplifie my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.
Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.
Enter Pisanio.
Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake

An

An enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam: [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. ——— [*To* Piſanio.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupifie and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?——Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know

What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf:
Think, what a chance thou chanceſt on; but think;—
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill: to boot, my ſon;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——
[*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words ——— A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.—I've giv'n him That,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her Sweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Piſ. And ſhall do:.
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd——O, that huſband!
My ſupream crown of grief, [s] and thoſe repeated

[s] —— *and thoſe repeated*
Vexations of it ——] Meaning the Queen and her ſon: theſe are ſet, in compariſon, with her huſband, and make the ſentiment extremely fine.

Vexa-

Vexations of it——Had I been thief-ſtoln,
As my two brothers, happy! [9] but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire, that's glorious. [1] Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*Aſide.*
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.

Leonatus.

9 —— *but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire, that's glorious.] Her husband, ſhe ſays, proves her ſupreme grief. She had been happy had ſhe been ſtoln as her brothers were, but now ſhe is miſerable, as all thoſe are who have a ſenſe of worth and honour ſuperior to the vulgar, which occaſions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthleſs part of mankind. Had ſhe not ſo refined a taſte as to be content only with the ſuperior merit of *Poſthumus*, but could have taken up with *Cloten*, ſhe might have eſcaped theſe perſecutions. This elegance of taſte, which always diſcovers an excellence and chuſes it, ſhe calls with great ſublimity of expreſſion, *The deſire that's glorious*; which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding alters to, *The* degree *that's glorious*.

1 —— *Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. ——] The laſt words are equivocal: but the meaning is this, Who are beholden only to the ſeaſons for their ſupport and nouriſhment; ſo that, if thoſe be kindly, ſuch have no more to care for or deſire.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.———
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady———
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, [2] and the rich cope
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
[3] Upon the humbled beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other:) Nor i' th' judgment;
For Ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
[4] Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running;) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage———

Imo What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

2 ——— *and the rich* CROP
Of ſea and land—] He is here ſpeaking of the *covering* of ſea and land, *Shakeſpear* therefore wrote,
——*And the rich* COPE

3 *Upon th'* UNNUMBER'D *beach?*—] Senſe and the antitheſis oblige us to read this nonſenſe thus,
Upon the HUMBLED *beach.*
i. e. becauſe daily inſulted with the flow of the tide.

4 *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allured to feed on ſuch excellence, can have no ſtomach at all; but, tho' empty, muſt nauſeate every thing.

Iach.

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beſeech you, Sir, [*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.
Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd.
The *Britaine* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad,
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh!——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.

5 *He's* ſtrange *and* peeviſh.] *i. e.* ignorant of foreign manners, and impatient of contradiction. This, I think, was a good reaſon for his maſter to order him to ſtay within doors. But the *Oxford Editor*, with great acumen, alters it to,
He's ſtrange and ſheepiſh.

Iach.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'ns bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do.
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,

That

That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine.*
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. Oh dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! —— with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boyl'd stuff,
As well might poison Poison! Be revenge'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse;) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it: ——
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that Runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, *Pisanio!* ——
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not

For

For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!*——
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended God:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your

Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to morrow?
Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.
Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

Clot. WAS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the Jack upon an up cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whorson dog! I give him satisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool.——— [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.———

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs!—a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—— Alas, Poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce *(a)* Hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unſhak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land!
[*Exeunt.*

[*(a) of the divorce Hell-made.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *of the divorce he'll make.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen *is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*

Lady. Please you, Madam———

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed—
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss— rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!--- 'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white [1] with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct—But my design's

1 —— *white* AND *azure, lac'd*
WITH *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*] We should read,
—— *white with azure lac'd,*
THE *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*
i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

To

To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed— the arras, figures———
Why, such, and such—and the contents o' th' ſtory—
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lye dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying! — Come off, come off.—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience do's within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more——to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up——I have enough.——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night! [2] that dawning

2 ——— *that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye.* -] Some copies read *bare* or make bear: others, *ope.* But the true reading is *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very ſublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may aſſume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey.* Hence it is ſo commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning.* And *Romeo* and *Juliet.*

I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye.

Had *Shakeſpear* meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake, he had inſtanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riſer. Beſides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven's* eye was of no advantage to the ſpeaker, but it was of much advantage that it ſhould *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the *Oxford Editor* judiciouſly alters it to,

May bear its raven-eye.

May bear the raven's eye : I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three : time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip ; you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage : If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough : It's almoſt morning, is't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would, this muſick would come : I am adviſ'd to give her muſick o'mornings ; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune ; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo ; we'll try with tongue too ; if none will do, let her remain : but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing ; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it ; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
3 *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lyes :

3 *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lyes :] *i. e.* the morning ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

And

And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing (a) that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern-daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly sollicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

[(a) *that pretty bin.* Oxford Editor,—— Vulg. *that pretty is.*]

Cym.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, [4] his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice: ——— Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. [5] If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her —— what,
If I do line one of their hands? ——'tis gold,
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. ——— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

4 ——— *his goodness* fore-spent *on us,*] *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

5 *If she be up,* &c.] It is observable, that *Shakespear* makes his fools deal much in that kind of wit called the *double entendre* with only a single meaning; since his time transferred to the fine Gentleman of the drama.

Can

Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess———

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesie
To your best kindness: [6] one of your great knowing
Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

6 ——— *one of your* great knowing
Should learn (being TAUGHT*) forbearance.*] But sure, whoever is *taught*, necessarily *learns*. *Learning* is not the fit and reasonable consequence of being *taught*, but is the thing itself. As it is superfluous in the expression, so (which is the common condition of nonsense) it is deficient in the sentiment. It is no mark of a *knowing* person that he has *learnt forbearance* simply. For forbearance becomes a virtue, or point of civil prudence, only as it respects a forbidden object. *Shakespear*, I am persuaded, wrote,

——— *one of your great knowing*
Should learn (*being* TORT) *forbearance.*

i. e. one of your wisdom *should learn* (from a sense of your pursuing a forbidden object) *forbearance*: which gives us a good and pertinent meaning in a correct expression. *Tort*, an old *French* word, signifying the *being in the wrong*, is much in use amongst our old *English* writers, which those who have not read them, may collect from its being found in the *Etymologicon* of the judicious *Skinner*.

Clot.

Clot. [7] To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin; I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe myſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.

Clot. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency

7 *To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my Sin; I will not.*
Imo. *Fools* ARE *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do.*] But does ſhe really call him fool? The acuteſt critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplex'd by a ſlight corruption; and we muſt reſtore it thus,

Fools CURE *not mad folks.*

You are mad, ſays he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourſelf. Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A fool never cur'd madneſs. Do you call me fool? replies he, *&c.* All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately ſubjoins.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures *us both.*

i. e. if you'll ceaſe to torture me with your fooliſh ſolicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any thing like madneſs: ſo a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my ſuppos'd frenzy.

But

But brats and beggary,) [8] in self-finger'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown; and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
A pantler; not so eminent.——

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever had but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio?*

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool.
Frighted, and angred worse——go, bid my woman
Search for [9] a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. [1] 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,

8 —— *in* SELF-FIGUR'D *knot*;] This is nonsense. We should read,

SELF-FINGER'D *knot*.

i. e. a knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations.

9 —— *a jewel, that* too casually
Hath left mine arm —] *i. e.* too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness.

1 —— —— *'Shrew me,*
If, &c.] *i. e.* may I fall under an evil tongue, if, &c.

Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
[2] I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs aught but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go, and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me———
His meaneſt garment? ——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd, ———
His meaneſt garment? —— well. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh,
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*

2 *I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord*
That I kiſs aught but him.] This is fine. It was gone on that errand. And we are to conſider this paſſage as alluding to thoſe ominous ſpeeches concerning which the ancients were ſo ſuperſtitious. See another inſtance of this kind in the foregoing play, Act I. Scene II.

Will

Will do's commiſſion throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
[3] To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See, *Iachimo.* ———

Poſt. Suꝛe, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Poſt. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

3 *To their* approvers.———] *i. e.* to thoſe who try them.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.
Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſie.
Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope, you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber ———
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but profeſs,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
" Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,

" And

" [4] And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride,—A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was———

Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More Particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
[5] Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

4 *And* Cydnus *ſwell'd above the banks*, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride,——] This is an agreeable ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human paſſions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himſelf writes in the foregoing play on this very ſubject,

——— *And made*
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes.

But the ſatire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the ſpeaker is ſecretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to perſuade him of his wife's falſhood. The very ſame kind of ſatire we have again, on much the ſame occaſion, in *The two Gentlemen of* Verona, where the falſe *Proteus* ſays to his friend, of his friend's miſtreſs.

——— *and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,*
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears.

A certain gaiety of heart, which the ſpeaker ſtrives to conceal, breaking out under a ſatire, by which he would inſinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears.

5 WAS *as another nature*, DUMB;——] This nonſenſe ſhould without queſtion be read and pointed thus,

HAS *as another nature* DONE: *out-went her,*
Motion and breath left out.

i. e. has worked as exquiſitely, nay has exceeded her if you will put motion and breath out of the queſtion.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; see! ——
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: Is it That,
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, That:
She stript it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false! ——
Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post.

Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't; —— back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true —— nay, keep the ring—'tis true; [6] I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger! --no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of——
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kist it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

6 ——————— *I'm sure*
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger! --- no,] The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted and exposed. *Posthumus*, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that she was false to his bed; and grounds that judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of her attendants. Now common sense, from his belief of the honour of his wife's attendants, should either have made him conclude in favour of hers; or if he rejected the much stronger appearances of honour in her, he should, at the same time, have rejected those much weaker in her attendants. But *Shakespear* knew at what distance *reason* and *love* are wont to be, and has, therefore, made them keep their distance here.

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the Turns: once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be ſworn———
Post. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her father ——— I'll do ſomething——— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Post. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women
'Muſt be half workers? we are baſtards all;
'And that moſt venerable man, which I
'Did call my father, was I know not where,
'When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
'Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
'The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
'The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
'Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
'And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
'A pudency ſo roſie, the ſweet view on't
'Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*———that I
'thought her
'As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the Devils!
'This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?———
'Or leſs: at firſt? perchance, he ſpoke not, but
'Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a churning on,
'Cry'd.

' Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
' From what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
' Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
' The woman's part in me — for there's no motion
' That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
' It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
' The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
' Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
' hers;
' Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
' Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability;
' All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
' Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all. — For
' even to vice
' They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
' One vice, but of a minute old, for one
' Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
' Deteſt them, curſe them——yet 'tis greater ſkill,
' In a true hate to pray, they have their Will;
' The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius, *and attendants.*

Cym. NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Cæſar,* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine,*
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan,* thine uncle,
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
Ere such another *Julius: Britaine* is
A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
The Kings your ancestors; together with
The nat'ral Bravery of your Isle; which stands,
As *Neptune*'s Park, ribbed and paled in
(a) With rocks unskaleable, and roaring waters;
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
(The first, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar*'s sword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Cassibelan*; I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand. —— Why, Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will

1 Poor *ignorant* baubles] *Ignorant*, for of no use.

[*(a) With rocks unskaleable*, —— Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *with oaks unskaleable.*]

pay

pay him Tribute for Light; elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort
This tribute from us, We were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Our ſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britaine*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and Confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For Fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce,
Behooves me [2] keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-

[2] *keep at* utterance.] *i. e.* at extreme diſtance.

water

water girdle, if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.———

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pisanio, *reading a Letter.*

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not, What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!* Oh master, what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian*, (As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd On thy too ready Hearing!——Disloyal? no, She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes More Goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. "Oh, my master! "Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were "Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows, which I Have made to thy command!——I, her!——her blood! If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable.——How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? *Do't——the letter,* [*Reading.*

That I have sent her, by her own command Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper! Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble! Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'st So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio?*

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus?*

3 Oh,

3 Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open.—You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content — yet not,
That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick love;——of his content,
All but in that,—Good wax, thy leave,—Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods!

[*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;* Leonatus Poſthumus.

" Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
" He is at *Milford-Haven:* read and tell me
" How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
" May plod it in a week, why may not I
" Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
" Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,
" (Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'ſt—
" But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
" For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of Hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the Senſe—" How far it is
" To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by th' way,
" Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
" T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,

3 *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer,* &c.] This was a very natural thought: She muſt needs be ſuppoſed, in her circumſtances, to be extremely ſolicitous about the *future*; and deſirous of coming to it by the aſſiſtance of that ſuperſtition.

" How

" How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
" That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
" Till our return, t'excuſe—but firſt, how get hence?
" Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
" We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
" How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
" 'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. " Why, one that rode to's Execution, man,
" Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
4 That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
She'll home t' her father, and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. 5 I ſee before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, that have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

4 *That* run i'th' clock's behalf.—] This fantaſtical expreſſion means no more than ſand in an hour-glaſs, uſed to meaſure time.

5 *I ſee before me, man: nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues, BUT *have a fog in them,*
That I cannot look thro'——] *Shakeſpear* ſays ſhe can ſee before her, yet on which ſide ſoever ſhe looks, there is a fog which ſhe cannot ſee thro'. This nonſenſe is occaſioned by the corrupt reading of, BUT *have a fog*, for, THAT *have a fog*; and then all is plain. I ſee before me, (ſays ſhe) for there is no fog on any ſide of me which I cannot ſee thro'. Mr. *Theobald* objects to *a fog in them*, and aſks for *the ſubſtantive to which the relative plural* [THEM] *relates*. The ſubſtantive is *places*, implied in the words *here*, *here*, and *what enſues*: for not to know that *Shakeſpear* perpetually takes theſe liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his ſtrange ſtuff of *a Fog in Ken*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. [6] ‘A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
‘ Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
‘ Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
‘ To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
‘ Are arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
‘ And keep their impious Turbands on, without
‘ Good morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
‘ We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
‘ As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. ‘Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
‘ Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
‘ When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
‘ That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
‘ And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
‘ Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
‘ That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
‘ But being ſo allow'd. [7] To apprehend thus,
‘ Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
‘ And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
‘ The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
‘ Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
‘ Is nobler than attending for a check;

6 *A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch*
Whoſe roof's as low as ours:] The paſſage above was a *liberty of grammar*; but this is a *liberty with grammar*. The meaning is, it is not for ſuch as us who live in a cottage, to keep within doors on ſo fine a day.

7 —— *To apprehend thus,*
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:] The obſerving Nature in this view, gave birth to a very fine book of one of the *wiſeſt* men of this age; which was unjuſtly ridiculed by one of the *wittieſt*.

[8] Richer,

' Richer, [8] than doing nothing for a bauble;
' Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
' Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
' Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.
Guid. ' Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
' Have never wing'd from view o'th' neſt; nor know,
' What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is beſt,
' If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
' That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
' With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
' A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
' A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
' To ſtride a limit.
Arv. ' What ſhould we ſpeak of,
' When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
' The rain and wind beat dark *December?* how,
' In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
' The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
' We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
' Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
' Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
' We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
' And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
' Did you but know the city's uſuries,
' And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
' As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
' Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
' The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
' A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
' I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' ſearch,
' And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
' As record of fair act; nay, many time,
' Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
' Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure:—" Oh, boys, this ſtory

8. ——— *than doing nothing for a* bauble;] *i. e.* vain titles of honour, gained by an idle attendance at Court. But the *Oxford Editor*, reads, *for a bribe*.

" The

" The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
" With *Roman* ſwords; and my Report was once
" Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
" And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
" Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
" Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
" A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
" And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th'mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are Sons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
They think, they're mine, [9] tho' trained up thus meanly.
I'th' Cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The

9 ——— *tho' trained up thus meanly,*
I'th' Cave, THERE, ON THE BROW,—] The old editions read, *I'th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which, tho' very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, which when rightly pointed, is thus;
——— *tho' trained up thus meanly.*
I'th' Cave, WHEREIN THEY BOW———
i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is ſo low that they muſt bow or bend in entering it, yet are their

The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
[1] Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!* —
" When on my three foot-ſtool I ſit, and tell
" The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
" Into my ſtory: ſay, thus mine enemy fell,
" And thus I ſet my foot on's neck—even then
" The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
" Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
" That acts my words —— The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy Grave;
My ſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now — *Piſanio*,

their thoughts ſo exalted, &c. This is the antitheſis. *Belarius* had ſpoken before of the lowneſs of this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low *as ours: ſee, boys! this gate*
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office.

[1] *Beyond the* trick *of others.*——] *Trick*, for cuſtom, habit.

Where

Where is *Posthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self explication. Put thy self
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my stayder senses—what's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY mistress, Pisanio, *hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou,* Pisanio, *must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. 'What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
'Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis slander;
'Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
'Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath
'Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
'All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
'Maids,

' Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave
' This viperous slander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. ' False to his bed! what is it to be false?
' To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
' To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
' To break it with a fearful dream of him,
' And cry my self awake? that false to's bed!
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*, ——
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. [2] Some Jay of *Italy*
([3] Whose meether was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors.---All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.
Pis Madam, hear me---
Imo. ' True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
' Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon*'s Weeping
' Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity

[2] —— *Some* Jay *of* Italy] There is a prettiness in this expression, *Putta*, in *Italian*, signifying both a *Jay* and a *Whore*. I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

[3] *Whose* MOTHER *was her painting* ——] This puzzles Mr. *Theobald* much: he thinks it may signify *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. *Rowe*'s edition the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is MEETHER, a north country word, signifying *beauty*. So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint.

' From

' From moſt true wretchedneſs. [4] So thou, *Poſthumus*,
' Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
' Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
[5] That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart———
(Something's afore't)---ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*

4 ——— *So thou*, Poſthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;] When *Poſthumus* thought his wife falſe, he unjuſtly ſcandalized the whole ſex. His wife here, under the ſame impreſſions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumſtances, acquits his ſex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a diſhonour to the ſuperiority of his underſtanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the diſgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the ſex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never ſeeks out for ſo extravagant a conſolation; but at once eaſes her *malice* and her *grief*, by laying the crime and damage at the door of ſome obnoxious coquet.

5 *That cravens my weak hand*:] *i. e.* makes me a coward.
Mr. *Pope.*

Corrupters

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——— Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again,

Imo. Most like,

Bringing

Bringing me here to kill me.
Pif. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan———
Pif. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?
Pif. If you'll back to th' Court———
Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, Nothing, *Cloten:*
That *Cloten*, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Pif. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* muſt you 'bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine?* I'th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine.*
Pif. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford Haven*
To morrow. [6] Now, if you could wear a Mien

Dark

6 ——— *Now, if you could wear a* MIND
Dark as your fortune is,—] What had the *darkneſs* of her *mind* to do with the concealment of perſon, which is the only thing here adviſed? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchanged, in order to ſupport her change of fortune. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Now,

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, [7] and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
' You must forget to be a woman; change
' Command into obedience; fear and niceness
' (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
' Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage;
' Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
' As quarrellous as the weazel: [8] nay, you must
' Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
' Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
' Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
' Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
' Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
' You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Now, if you could wear a MIEN.
Or according to the *French* orthography, from whence I presume arose the corruption;
Now, if you could wear a MINE.

7 ——— *and full of view*;—] *i. e.* likely to prove successful.

8 ——— *nay, you must*
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
Exposing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy)——] Who does this *harder Heart* relate to? *Posthumus* is not here talk'd of; besides he knew nothing of her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had enjoin'd a course, which would have secur'd her from these incidental hardships. I think, common sense obliges us to read,
But, oh, the harder Hap!
i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you must be oblig'd to such shifts.

Pis.

Pif. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. 'Would you in their ſerving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you're happy; (which will make him *(a)* ſo,
If that his head have ear in muſick;) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling That, moſt holy. 9 Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. 1 This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper——To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

9 ——— *Your means abroad,*
You have me, rich; ——] *i. e.* you may depend upon my ſupplying you to the utmoſt of my power.

1 ——— *This attempt*
I'm ſoldier to, ——] *i. e.* I have inliſted and bound my ſelf to it.

[*(a)* ſo. Mr. *Theobald* ——Vulg. *know.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and so farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So, farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have crost the *Severn.* Happiness! [*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine.*
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym.

Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after ——
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus!* ——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown

To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.
Re-enter Cloten.
How now, my son?
Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!
[*Exit Queen.*
Clot. I love, and hate her; ——— for she's fair and royal,
[2] And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady Ladies; winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all: I love her therefore; — but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall ———

SCENE VI.

Enter Pisanio.
Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else

2 *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady Ladies WOMAN; *from each one*
The best she hath, ———] The second line is intolerable nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus,
Than lady Ladies; WINNING *from each one* ——
The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that enoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies,*] *winning* from each of them the best of their good qualities, *&c. Lady* is a plural verb, and *Ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in *Shakespear*'s way, and suiting the folly of the character.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Pif. Oh, my good lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus?*
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy lord.*
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pif. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Ev'n to *Augustus'* throne.

Pif. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. } *Aside.*

Clot. Humh.

Pif. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. Oh,
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! } *Aside.*

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou

ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſ. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford Haven?* — (I forgot to aſk him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes——— (there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body; ——— and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpis'd me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of cloaths.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Piſ. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*

Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Piſ. [2] Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly Bleſſings on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with flowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen, *in boy's cloaths.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. "I ſhould be ſick,
"But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
"When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
"Thou waſt within a ken.—O *Jove*, I think,
"Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
"Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars
"told me,
"I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie,
"That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
"A puniſhment, or tryal? yes; no wonder,
"When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fullneſs
"Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
"Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!
"Thou'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on
"thee,

2 *Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs:* ——] A phraſe taken from traffic, by which the ſeller would ſignify, that the buyer offers leſs than the thing upon ſale coſt.

" My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't———'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
" Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs
" ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
[3] If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take 'or't end—ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns!
[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

[3] *If any thing that's* civil,——] *civil*, for human creature. *If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,*
Take OR LEND.———] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beaſt. If it be the former, ſhe bids him *ſpeak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a ſavage beaſt, what then? *Take or lend* ——We ſhould read,

Take 'OR'T END.——

i. e. take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly uſed for *ere*: this agrees to all that went before. But the *Oxford Editor* cuts the knot;

Take, or yield food

ſays he. As if it was poſſible ſo plain a ſentence ſhould ever have been blundered into *Take or lend.*

Guid.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in———— [*Looking in.*
" But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
" It were a Fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. " Good maſters, harm me not;
" Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
" T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
" good troth,
" I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I'd
" found
" Gold ſtrew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
" I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
" As I had made my meal; and parted thence
" With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth?
Arv. " All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
" As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
" Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. " I ſee, you're angry:
" Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
" Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm faln in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer

Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt friends,
If brothers;—'Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! *(a)* then had my price } *Aſide.*
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballancing
To thee, *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Guid. 'Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger, Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them; laying by
That nothing gift of [4] defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain——Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.
Guid. I pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome!

4 ——*defering*] Spelt right by Mr. *Theobald.*

[*(a)* —— *then had my price* —— *more equal ballancing.* Oxford Editor —— Vulg. *then had my prize* —— *more equal ballaſting.*]

Imo.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to ROME.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; [5] and to you, the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar!*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

5 ——— *And to you, the tribunes*
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. ———] Commends *his commission* is such a phrase as *Shakespear* would hardly have us'd. I have ventur'd to substitute;
——— *he* commends
His absolute commission. ———
i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an absolute commission for so doing.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt in Wales.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I AM near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this *(a)* ill perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces [1] before her face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

[1] *before* THY *face,*] *Poſthumus* was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we ſhould read, —— HER *face*: i. e. *Imogen*'s, done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteem'd *Poſthumus*'s garment above the perſon of *Cloten*.

[*(a) ill perſeverant,* Oxford Editor— Vulg. *imperſeverant.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?———
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but my ſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe;
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th'morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st report,——
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick—*Pisanio*,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen, *to the Cave.*

Bel. And shall be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix.
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
[2] Mingle their spurs together.

2 *Mingle their Spurs together,*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. Mr. *Pope*.

Arv.

Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the ſtinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.——I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o' th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh——
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as Out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away:
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineer.——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. 'Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
'At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death! ———
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s-town ſet your heads;
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long it is ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute,
'Twas very *Cloten.*

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.

Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
(a) Is oft the cure of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

[(a) *Is oft the cure of fear.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *Is oft the cauſe of fear.*]

Enter

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear the law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eyes on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. [3] Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

3 ——— *Though his honour*
Was nothing but mutation, ——] Mr. *Theobald*, as uſual, not underſtanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means that the only notion he had of honour, was the faſhion, which was perpetually changing. A fine ſtroke of ſatire, well expreſſed: yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*.

To

To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten.*
[4] That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
[5] I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,

And

4 *That's all I* reck.] *i. e.* care. Mr. *Pope.*

5 *I'd let a* PARISH *of such* Clotens *blood,*] This nonsense should be corrected thus,

I'd let a MARISH *of such* Clotens *blood.*

i. e. a marsh or lake. So *Smith*, in his account of *Virginia*, *Yea* Venice, *t this time the admiration of the earth, was at first but*

And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
' In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
' As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
' Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
' (Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
' That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
' And make him ſtoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful,
' 6 That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
' To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
' Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
' That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
' As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

but a mariſh, *inhabited by poor fiſhermen.* In the firſt book of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Tranſlators uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe.

6 *That an* inviſible *inſtinct* —] But where is the wonder that an *inviſible inſtinct* ſhould do this, any more than an *inviſible reaſon?* It appears then that the poet uſes *inviſible* for blind. And by *blind inſtinct* he means a kind of plaſtic nature, acting as an inſtrument under the Creator, without intention, and then there is cauſe of wonder, that *blind inſtinct* ſhould do as much as *ſharp-ſighted reaſon.* One not well acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner, in the licentiouſneſs of his language and the profoundneſs of his ſenſe, would be apt to think he wrote *invincible*, *i. e.* that bore down all before it. But the poet here transfers the term belonging to the *object* upon the *ſubject*: unleſs we will rather ſuppoſe it was his intention to give *inviſible* (which has a *paſſive*) an *active* ſignification; and then it will mean the ſame as *not ſeeing.*

Guid.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt Mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter!——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. ‘ The bird is dead,
‘ That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
‘ Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty;
‘ And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
‘ Than have ſeen this.
Guid. ‘ Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
‘ My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
‘ As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. ‘ [7] O melancholy!
‘ Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
‘ The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack
‘ Might eas'lieſt harbour in?—thou bleſſed thing!
‘ *Jove* knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but ah!
‘ Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
‘ How found you him?

[7] —— *oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?—] But as plauſible as this at firſt ſight may ſeem, all thoſe, who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author muſt have wrote,
—— *to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?
Carrack is a ſlow heavy-built veſſel of burden. This reſtores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the ſenſe, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to deſign a melancholic perſon.

Arv.

Arv. ‘ Stark, as you ſee:
‘ Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber!
‘ Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
‘ Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. ‘ Where?
Arv. ‘ O'th' floor:
‘ His arms thus leagu'd; I thought, he ſlept; and put
‘ My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
‘ Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. ‘ Why, he but ſleeps;
“ If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
“ With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
“ And worms will not come near thee.
Arv. “ With faireſt flow'rs,
“ 'Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
“ I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
“ The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
“ The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins, no, nor
“ The leaf of *Eglantine*; which not to ſlander,
“ Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. [8] The Raddock would,
“ With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
“ Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
“ Without a Monument!) bring thee all this;
“ Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
“ To winter-gown thy coarſe.———
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

8 ——————— *The Raddock would,*
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides. When flow'rs are none,
*To winter-*ground *thy coarſe* ——] Here again, the metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What Senſe is there in *winter-grounding* a coarſe with *moſs?* A coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading,
*To winter-*gown *thy coarſe.*
i. e. thy ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*.

Guid.

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo;

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground;
As, once, our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwall,

I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
" For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
" Than Prieſts and Fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
(*a*) He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet Reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a Prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. ' 9 *Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun*,
' *Nor the furious winter's rages*;
' *Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done*,
' *Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.*

9 *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topic of conſolation that nature dictates to all men on theſe occaſions. The ſame farewel we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. Τεκνον αθλιον εκετι διψησεις, εκετι πεινησεις, &c.

[(*a*) *He has paid for that.* Oxford Editor. —— Vulg. *Was paid for that.*]

Golden

Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. ‘ *Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,*
‘ *Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke ;*
‘ *Care no more to cloath and eat ;*
‘ *To thee the reed is as the oak :*
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.
Guid. ‘ *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. ‘ *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. ‘ *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee !*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee !*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave !

Enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obſequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. “ Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more ;
“ The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
“ Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves.---Upon their faces--
“ You were as flow'rs, now wither'd ; even ſo
“ Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
“ Come on, away, apart upon our knees———
“ The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again :
“ Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. ‘ Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way ?———
‘ I thank you———by yond buſh ?———pray, how far thither ?———
‘ 'Ods pittikins———can it be ſix mile yet ?———
I've

' I've gone all night--- 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
' But, soft! no bedfellow---Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
' These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
' This bloody man the care on't---I hope, I dream;
' For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
' And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
' 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
' Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
' Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
' I tremble still with fear; but if there be
' Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
' As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
' The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
' Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!---the garments of *Posthumus?*
I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules:* but his *jovial* face——
Murther in heaven?——how!—— 'tis gone!——
Pisanio!——
All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!---Damn'd *Pisanio*
Hath with his forged letters---damn'd *Pisanio!*——
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's That? ah me, where's
That?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How should this be, *Pisanio?*—
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That

That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome?*

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. 9 Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.
(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From th' spungy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false! —— Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! —

9 *Last night, the* VERY *Gods shew'd me a vision.*] The *very Gods* may, indeed, signify the Gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakespear wrote,

Last night the WAREY *Gods* ——

Warey here signifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice*; not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

Or dead, or ſleeping on him ? but dead, rather :
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face,

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded : who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? [1] who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes ſlain : alas !
There are no more ſuch maſters : I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for ſervice,

1 ——— *who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?—] The Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, cavils at this paſſage. He ſays, *it is far from being ſtrictly grammatical*; and yet, what is ſtrange, he ſubjoins a paraphraſe of his own, which ſhews it to be *ſtrictly grammatical. For*, ſays he, *the conſtruction of theſe words is this, who hath alter'd that good picture otherwiſe than nature alter'd it.* I ſuppoſe then this Editor's meaning was, that the grammatical conſtruction would not conform to the ſenſe ; (for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally ſays one thing and means another) he ſubjoining, Shakeſpear *deſigned to ſay, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at firſt made it.* Here again he is miſtaken ; *Shakeſpear* meant, like a plain man, juſt as he *ſpoke*, and as our Editor firſt paraphraſed him ; who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwiſe than nature *alter'd* it? And the ſolution of the difficulty in this ſentiment, which ſo much perplexed him, is this : The ſpeaker ſees a young man without a head, and conſequently much *ſhorten'd* in ſtature ; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath *alter'd* this good form by making it ſhorter ; ſo contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly acceſſion of growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occaſion then for the Editor to change DID into BID with an alluſion to the command againſt murder ; which then ſhould have been *forbid* inſtead of *bid*.

Try

Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave,
And on it said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Pisanio.

Cym. AGAIN; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.— Away.— [*Exeunt.*
Piſ. (*a*) I've had no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work;
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. THE noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britons* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.

[(*a*) *I've had no letter.* — Oxford Editor — Vulg. *I heard no letter* —]

To the King's Party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us [2] to a Render
Where we have liv'd: and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, [3] have both their eyes
And ears ſo 'ploy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you ſee,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.

Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your ſelf

2 —— *to a Render*] a *render*, for a confeſſion.

3 —————— *have both their eyes*
And ears ſo CLOY'D *importantly as now.*] There is no doubt, but our iſlanders would be thoroughly *cloy'd* of the ſight and noiſe of a terrible and powerful invader. But this would not hinder their turning their attention on another object. Now the ſpeaker is maintaining, that their attention to the *invaſion* would keep them from inquiring after *him*. Beſides what it is, to be *importantly cloy'd*, I have not the leaſt conception of. *Shakeſpear* without doubt wrote,

—— *ſo* 'PLOY'D *importantly as now.*

i. e. *imployed* or taken up with things of ſuch importance.

So

So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks scorn
'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married Ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many

Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones.——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You ſnatch from hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more: ——you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.——
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe *Italian* weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As do's a *Briton* peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits ſhew;
Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another;* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,

A very

A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn:
If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly*, Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his rescue*, Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, *and seconds the* Britons. *They rescue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, *and a* British *Lord.*

Lord. CAm'st thou from where they made the Stand?
Post. I did.
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britaine* seen; all flying

' Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
' Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
' More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
' Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
' Meerly through fear, that the ſtraight Paſs was
' damm'd
' With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
' To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one, I warrant) who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe [1] for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our *Britaine*'s Harts die flying, not our men;
To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! ſtand;
Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand. —— Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing;) with this word, Stand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own Nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; [2] that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions

1 —— *for preſervation cas'd, or* ſhame.] *Shame*, for modeſty.

2 —— *that* ſome, *turn'd coward*] *Some*, for that part which.

Upon

Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
3 A rout, confuſion-thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles: ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-borne i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal hugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, *was the* Romans' *bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Poſt. Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Poſt. This is a lord——oh noble miſery,
To be i'th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? "4 I, in mine own woe charm'd,
" Could

3 *A rout, confuſion thick.*—] This is read as if it was a *thick confuſion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confuſion-thick* ſhould be read thus with an hyphen, and it is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakeſpear*'s fine diction is not a little obſcured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives.

4 ——*I, in mine own woe* charm'd,] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of *Charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* anceſtors, and

ſo

" Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
" Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,—
" 'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
" Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
" That draw his knives i' th' war—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
No more a *Briton*, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britiſh *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken!
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*———
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

ſo is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition, which made *Eraſmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteriſtic, ſay, *Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione ſibi placent*: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

North Britons *hence have ſecond ſight*:
And Germans free from gun-ſhot fight.

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains present* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd,
More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy.——Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; [5] to satisfie,
I d'off.

5 ——— *to satisfie,*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No stricter Render of me, than my all.] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have been this.

——— *to satisfie,*
I d'off *my freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No stricter Render of me, than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employ'd with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I volun-

I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
6 No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. ——— [*He ſleeps.*

7 *Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges. ———
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

voluntarily diveſt my ſelf of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,

——— ——— *take*
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.

6 *No ſtricter* Render—] *Render,* for mulct.

7 *Solemn muſick:* &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *propheſy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of *Shakeſpear*.

Mr. *Pope.*

Whoſe

Whose father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity! ———
Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of *Imogen,* that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one?
Sweet *Imogen!* ———
Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo,*
Slight thing of *Italy,*
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousie,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter,* thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici.

Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Broth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—how dare you, Ghoſts,
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium* hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are ſpent;
Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away;——no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is

More

More ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*

Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*

Poſt. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone— they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake— Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve;
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

8 'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—

8 *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing——
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie.——] The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from part of it being ſpoke *of* the propheſy, and part *to* it. This writing on the Tablet (ſays he) is ſtill a dream, or elſe the raving of madneſs. *Do* thou, O Tablet, *either both, or nothing*; either let thy words and ſenſe go together, or be thy boſom a *raſa tabula*. As the words now ſtand they are nonſenſe, or at leaſt involve in them a ſenſe which I cannot diveloꝑe. Or

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon your self that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freeer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live. for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms; whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. 9 I never ſaw

Such

9 *I never ſaw*
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be ſaid, that one, whoſe *poor Looks* promiſe *beggary,* promiſed *poor Looks* too? it

Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;)
[*To* Bel. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambriæ* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise my Knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britaine*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

it was not the ; oor look which was promised: that was visible. We must read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.

This sets the matter right, and makes *Belarius* speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet perform'd all these wonders.

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes: repented,
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious

To

To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*; Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their Captives, which our ſelf have granted.
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't——And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, live, boy: ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And aſk of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.
Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbel. *and* Imo. *walk aſide.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. [1] One ſand another
Not more reſembles, than He th' ſweet roſie lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,

1 *One ſand another*
Not more reſembles THAT *ſweet roſie lad,*] A ſlight corruption has made nonſenſe of this paſſage. One grain might reſemble another, but none a human form. We ſhould read,
Not more reſembles, THAN HE TH' *ſweet roſie lad.*

Creatures

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t'us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs——— [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud.——— Sir, Step you forth,
[*To* Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatneſs and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood——— On; ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken That,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.———
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength:
I'd rather thou ſhould'ſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd

The

The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus* —
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ——— ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; [2] for feature, laming
The

2 *For* feature, *laming*] *Feature*, for proportion of parts, which Mr. *Theobald* not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*.

——— ——— *for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief *nature*; —] *i. e.* The ancient ſtatues of *Venus* and *Minerva*, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*:

*O'er-pic*ture*ing* that Venus *where we ſee*
The fancy out-work nature.

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A paſſage in *De Piles' Cours de peinture par principes* will give great light to the beauty of the text. —— *Peu de ſentimens ont été partagez ſur la beauté de l' antique.* Les gens d'eſprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont eſtimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens Auteurs quantité de paſſages ou* pour loüer les beautez vivantes on les comparoit aux ſtatuës. *Ne vous imaginez* (*dit* Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le diſpute aux ſtatuës.* Ovid, ou *il fait la deſcription de* Cyllare, *le plus beau de* Centaures, *dit* Qu' il avoit une ſi grande vivacité dans le viſage, que ſe col, les épaules, les mains, & l' eſtomac en etoient ſi beaux qu' on pouvoit aſſurer qu' en tout ce qu'il avoit de l' homme c'etoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dans les ſtatuës les plus parfaites. Et *Philoſtrate*, parlant de la beauté de *Neoptoleme*, & de la reſſemblance qu 'il avoit avec ſon pere *Achille*, dit, Qu'en beauté ſon pere avoit autant d' avantage ſur lui que les ſtatuës en ont ſur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont ſuivi ces mêmes ſentimens ſur la *beauté de l' Antique.* Je reporterai ſeulement *celui de* Scaliger. Le Moyen, *dit il*, que nous puiſſions rien voir qui aproche de la perfection des belles ſtatuës, puiſqu' il eſt permis à l' art de choiſir, de retrancher, d' adjoûter, de diriger, & qu' au contrarie, la nature s'eſt toujours alterée depuis,

The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye———

Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly.—This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity; — there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!———
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt This which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of 's Car. Away to *Britaine*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference

la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence. This laſt quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakeſpear* meant by

Brief *Nature*;

i. e. inelaborate, haſty, and careleſs as to the elegance of form, in reſpect of *art*, which uſes the peculiar addreſs, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

'Twixt

'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
(Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks, I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in Being,
To come—oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and She herſelf.——
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o' th' ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſs than 'twas!——Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen!*
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now,—help, help,
Mine honour'd lady ————

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me,
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ſeize
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Guid. This is, ſure, *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think,

3 Think, that you are upon a mock, and now
Throw me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*
Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. Arvir.
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pif. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.

3 *Think, that you are upon a* ROCK, *and now*
Throw me again.] What occaſioned theſe words, was her huſband's ſtriking her before he knew her, and ſaying,

Shall's have a Play of this,
Thou ſcornful *Page*, *there* lye thy part.

So that 'tis plain the true reading is,

Think, that you are upon a MOCK.

i. e. a farce, ſtage-play. Beſides, the common reading is nonſenſe.

Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me,
Were nothing prince like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
Could it ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for.——Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By haſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

4 *By* TASTING *of our wroth?* ———] But how did *Belarius undo* or forfeit his merit by *taſting* or feeling the King's wrath? We ſhould read,

By HASTING *of our wrath?* ———

i. e. by haſtening, provoking; and as ſuch a provocation is undutiful, the demerit, conſequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretenſions to reward.

Cym.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'ſt, great King, a ſubject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt, pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy; here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,
Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure, as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon: That I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children

Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For That which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children ——
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.

5 *To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.*] The thought is in character, and finely expreſſed: It alludes to the cuſtom of deifying heroic men, and converting them into ſtars.

Ime.

Imo. No, my lord:
I've got two world's by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers,
When ye were ſo, indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? — Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Belarius.
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.
Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,

He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The ſoldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor Beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe; but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power, that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer*. As I ſlept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,———

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches,

branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by *Belarius* stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd her self, and in the beams o'th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march:
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there: Never was a War did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the scene: from Isles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *sent their ships,*
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ransack Troy; *within whose strong Immures,*
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *sleeps; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come* ———
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *six Gates i'th' City,*
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troien,
And Antenorides,) *with massy staples*
And correspondive and fulfilling bolts,
[1] *Sperre up the sons of* Troy.———
Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our Argument;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault,—— do, as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

1 Stirre *up the sons of* Troy—] Vulg. Corrected, as in the text, by Mr. *Theobald.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Man.*
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

[1] *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. 'The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
'Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
'But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
'Tamer than ſheep, [2] fonder than ignorance;

[1] *Troilus and Creſſida.*] Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a Bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge, from a copy that had fall'n into the Bookſeller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays; but on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm my opinion. Mr. *Pope*.

2 ——— fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childiſh.

'Leſs

' Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
' And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!— when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me;
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s— well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her— but I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but,————.

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*————
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,

Reply

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, [3] and (ſpite of ſenſe)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
(As, true thou tell'ſt me;) when I ſay, I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, [4] ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a

3 —— *and* SPIRIT *of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.—] Read, and (SPITE *of ſenſe*) in a parentheſis. The meaning is, tho' our ſenſes contradict it never ſo much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harſh, when compared to the ſoftneſs of *Creſſid*'s hand, *but hard as the hand of ploughman. Spite*, I ſuppoſe, was firſt corrupted to *ſprite*, and from thence aroſe *ſpirit*.

4 *ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.*] *i. e.* ſhe may paint and mend her complexion.

fool

fool to ſtay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus,* ——

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

Fools on both ſides. —— *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts, For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. Troilus, by *Menelaus.*

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn: *Paris* is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne.

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to day?
Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad——are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.
Cre. And whither go they?
Serv. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. [6] *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
[7] Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,

And

6 ——— Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is, as A VIRTUE, *fix'd*,———] Patience ſure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read,
Is, as THE VIRTUE, *fix'd*.
i. e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddeſs Patience itſelf. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying,
Patience herſelf, *what* Goddeſs *ere ſhe be*,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do.
It is remarkable that *Dryden*, when he alter'd this play, and found this falſe reading, alter'd it with judgment to,
——— ——— *whoſe patience*
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n.
which he would not have done had he ſeen the right reading here given, where his thought is ſo much better and nobler expreſſed.

7 *Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt* light,] *Does the poet mean* (ſays Mr. *Theobald*) *that* Hector *had put on light armour?* mean! what elſe could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpoſe. So *Fairfax* in *Taſſo's Jeruſalem*,
The other Princes put on harneſs LIGHT
As footmen uſe ——— Yet,

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; There is among the *Greeks* A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath so crouded humours, [8] that his valour is crusted into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that* Hector *was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun rose and harnest light?* Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that *a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary*, and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense thro' the critic's fingers: And the *Oxford Editor* very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. *Theobald* well expresses it, *To make all construction unnecessary*.

8 *that his valour is* CRUSHT *into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:*] *Valour crusht into folly* is nonsense; but it is of the first editor's making; who seeing *crouded* go before, concluded that *crusht* (which is oft indeed the consequence) must needs follow. He did not observe that the poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, *His valour is* CRUSTED *into folly, his folly* sauced *with discretion*. Thus is *Ajax* dished up by the poet. The expression is humourous. His temper is represented as so hot that his valour becomes overbaked, and so is *crusted* or hardned *into folly* or temerity: yet the hardness of his folly is *sauced* or softened with discretion, and so made palatable.

every

every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? 9 Good morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium?*

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium?* *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus?*——*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

9 *Good morrow*, Alexander;] This is added in all the editions very abſurdly, *Paris* not being on the ſtage. Mr. *Pope*.

Cre.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter!* there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus.*

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus!* I would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India.*

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—— no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus.*

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Niece; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is

too

too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter? —

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then ——— but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.———

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* good niece, do; ſweet niece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus?* I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, [1] the mich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, niece: O brave *Hector!* look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,——look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's

1 —— *the* RICH *shall have more.*] To *give one the nod*, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense alluding to the expression *give*, and should be read thus,

The MICH *shall have more.*

i. e. *much*. He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The rest shall have none.

heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? 'would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus* —— I think, he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no——yes, he'll fight indifferent well —— I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *passes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, niece—hem—brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, niece, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?* ——— *Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i' th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well —— why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt, that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out. —

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my secresie, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. [2] At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandar*'s praise may be;

[2] *At your own house, there he unarms him.*] These necessary words added from the quarto edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though [3] my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of That ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our Works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,

3 *my heart's* content] *Content*, for capacity.

To

To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy goodly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, [4] *Neſtor* ſhall ſupply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way

4 —— Neſtor *ſhall* APPLY
Thy lateſt words. ——] What were theſe lateſt words? A common-place obſervation, illuſtrated by a particular image, *that oppoſition and adverſity were uſeful to try and diſtinguiſh between the valiant man and the coward, the wiſe man and the fool.* The *application* of this was to the *Greeks*; who had remained long unſucceſsful before *Troy*, but might make a good uſe of their misfortunes by learning patience and perſeverance. Now *Neſtor* promiſes that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats *Agamemnon*'s general obſervation, and illuſtrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote.

—— Neſtor *ſhall* SUPPLY
Thy lateſt words. ——

And it muſt be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Neſtor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common place, as it would furniſh him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to *ſupply* the topic with ſome diverſified flouriſhes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the *repetition* of the ſame thought, a *ſupplial?* We may obſerve further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due obſervance of thy goodly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of inſinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon*'s facundity, that *Neſtor* was forced to *ſupply* his ſpeech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in ſuch a caſe we muſt have ſuppoſed, this was a preconcerted diviſion of the argument between the two orators.

With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; [5] the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
[6] Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

5 ——— *The thing of courage,*] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. *Oxford Editor.*

6 Returns *to* chiding *fortune.*] *i. e.* replies adverſely to adverſe fortune.

Aga-

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca:* we leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow factions.
7 When that the General not likes the hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
8 The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a King,

7 *When that the General* IS NOT LIKE *the hive,*] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to underſtand by this line? either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the ſpeaker. For either it ſignifies, that *the General and the hive are not of the ſame degree or ſpecies*, whereas the ſpeaker's complaint is, that the hive acts ſo perverſely as to deſtroy all difference of degree between them and the General: or it muſt ſignify, *that the General has private ends and intereſts diſtinct from that of the hive*; which defeats the very end of the ſpeaker; whoſe purpoſe is to juſtify the General, and expoſe the diſobedience of the hive. We ſhould certainly then read,

When that the General NOT LIKES *the hive:*

i. e. when the ſoldiers like not, and refuſe to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very caſe he would deſcribe, and ſhew the miſchiefs of.

8 *The heavens themſelves, the planets, and* this center,] *i. e.* the center of the earth; which, according to the *Ptolemaic* Syſtem then in vogue, is the center of the Solar Syſtem.

Sans check, to good and bad. [9] But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be Right; or rather, [1] Right and
Wrong

(Between

9 ——— *But when the* Planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander, &c.] By *Planets Shakespear* here means *Comets*, which by some were supposed to be excentrical planets. The evil effects here recapitulated were those which superstition gave to the appearance of Comets.

1 ——— *Right and Wrong*
(*Between whose endless jar Justice* RESIDES)
Would lose their names, —] The Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, thinks that *the second line is no bad comment upon what* Horace *has said on this subject*;

——— *sunt certi denique fines,*
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

But if it be a comment on the *Latin* poet, it is certainly the worst that ever was made. *Horace* says, with extreme good sense, that there are certain bounds *beyond which*, and *short of which*, Justice or Right cannot exist. The meaning is, because if it be *short of* those bounds, *wrong prevails*; if it *goes beyond*, *Justice tyrannises*; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus summa injuria*.

' (Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice preſides)
' Would loſe their names, and ſo would Juſtice too.
' Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
' Power into will, will into appetite;
' And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
' So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
' Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up it ſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd

injuria. *Shakeſpear* ſays, that *Juſtice reſides between the endleſs jar of right and wrong*. Here the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *right and wrong*; in *Horace* the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *both wrong*. A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon us; and inſtead of explaining a good thought of *Horace*, gives us a nonſenſical one of its own. For to ſay the truth, this is not only no comment on *Horace*, but no true reading of *Shakeſpear*. *Juſtice* is here repreſented as moderating between *Right and Wrong*, and acting the over-complaiſant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

A man of Compliments, whom Right and Wrong
Have choſe as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This is the exact office of *Juſtice* in the preſent reading: But we are not to think that *Shakeſpear* in a ſerious ſpeech would dreſs her up in the garb of his fantaſtick *Spaniard*. We muſt rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice PRESIDES:

i. e. always determines the controverſy in favour of *Right*; and thus Juſtice is properly characteriſed without the author's ever dreaming of commenting *Horace*.

The

The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*, What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. "The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
" The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
" Having his ear full of his airy fame,
" Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
" Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
" Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
" Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
" And with ridiculous and aukward action
" (Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
" He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
" [2] Thy ſtopleſs Deputation he puts on;
" And, like a ſtrutting Player, (whoſe conceit
" Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
" To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
" 'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
" Such to be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
" He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
" 'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unſquar'd:
" Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
" Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
" The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
" From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
" Cries —— excellent! —— 'tis *Agamemnon* juſt ——
" Now play me *Neſtor* —— hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
" As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
" That's done —— as near as the extremeſt ends
" Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
" Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
" 'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
" Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
" And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
" Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
" And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
" Shake in and out the rivet —— and at this ſport,

2 *Thy* TOPLESS *deputation* —] I don't know what can be meant by *topleſs*, but the contrary to what the ſpeaker would inſinuate. I ſuſpect the poet wrote STOPLESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the caſe.

Sir

Sir Valour dies; cries O!— enough, *Patroclus* ——
Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And, in this faſhion,
3 All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace; exacts,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſon with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

3 *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,
Atchievements, plots, &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, *ſeverals and generals of grace:* i. e. whether they be *ſeveral* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulyſſes*, experience to *Neſtor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general* and belonging to the *Greek* nations in general, as valour, poliſhed manners, &c. all theſe good qualities, together with our *atchievements, plots, orders*, &c. are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is the ſenſe: but what then is the meaning of *grace exact?* no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus exactly mimic* all our *qualities* and *actions*. But the ſpeaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he ſays, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan to his wife*. The fault lies here; *exact* ſhould be *exacts*; and belongs to the ſecond diviſion, namely the enumeration of the *actions*; and ſhould be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace; EXACTS,
Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. exactments, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act
But that of hand: 'The ſtill and mental parts,
'That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
'When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
'Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
'Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
'They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, cloſet war:
'So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
'For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
'They place before his hand that made the engine;
'Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
'By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I aſk, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, (*Jove's* Accord,)
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your self *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector* (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,

That

That loves his miſtreſs [4] more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance; — even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
[5] And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. *Amen.*

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,

4 *more than in* confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for profeſſion.

5 *And in my* vantbrace —] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras*. Mr. *Pope*.

So

So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. *Neſtor.*———
Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how now?
Ulyſſ. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
Neſt. [6] The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,

6 *The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.] That is, the purpoſe is as plain as *body* or ſubſtance; and tho' I have collected this purpoſe from many minute particulars, as a groſs body is made up of ſmall inſenſible parts, yet the reſult is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and viſible. This is the thought, tho' a little obſcured in the conciſeneſs of the expreſſion.

If

If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt Repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſſ. What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry:
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw

The

The Sort to fight with *Hector:* 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of Senſe aſſumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Neſt. Ulyſſes, Now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtreight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
7 Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

Ajax. THERSITES,———

Ther. Agamemnon---how if he had boiles--full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites,———

Ther. And thoſe boils did run———ſay ſo----did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

7 *Muſt* tar *the maſtiffs on.*——] *Tarre*, an old *Engliſh* word ſignifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, *Act* 4. *Scene* 1.

——— ——— *like a Dog,*
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tar *him on.*

Mr. *Pope.*

Ajax.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. [1] Speak then, thou windyeſt leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſoon rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation———

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation———

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s Beauty: ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*———

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur!——— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!———

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and

[1] *Speak then, thou* WHINID'ST *leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies: It ſhould be WINDYEST, *i. e.* moſt windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Therſites*'s character.

ſold

ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, [2] thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this?
How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

[2] *thou thing of no* BOWELS,] Tho' this be ſenſe, yet I believe it is not the poet's, who makes *Therſites* reflect altogether on *Ajax* his want of *wit*, not want of *compaſſion*. I ſhould imagine, therefore, the true reading was,

Thou thing of no VOWELS.

i. e. without ſenſe; as a word without vowels is jargon and contains no idea. This is much in the phraſeology given to *Therſites*.

Ther.

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*———

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit———

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo——a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy [3] ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

3 *ere* THEIR *Grandfires*] We ſhould read, *ere* YOUR *grandfires.*

Pat.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFter ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fear the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches

To

To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons.
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother Prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
4 And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

4 *And fly like chidden* Mercury *from* Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!—] Theſe two lines are miſplaced in all the folio editions. Mr. *Pope.*

Troi.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God;
5 And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously it self affects,
6 Without some image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will distaste what is elected)
The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks:*
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the Ports desir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,

5 *And the will dotes, that is* inclinable] Old Edition, not so well, has it, *attributive.* Mr. *Pope.*

6 *Without some image of th'* AFFECTED *merit.*] We should read,

——— *th'* AFFECTED'*s merit,*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, ineſtimable!) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
7 What we have ſtol'n that we do fear to keep!
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n.
Who in *their* country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe, what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Caſſandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of Divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,

7 *What we have ſtol'n that we do fear to keep!*
Baſe thieves,—Oxford Editor. Vulg.
That we have ſtol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves.

Nor

Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to my ſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?

There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
(a) But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: "for pleaſure and revenge
"Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
"Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As, is it known, ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

[*(a)* *But on the cauſe,* —— Mr. *Theobald.* Vulg. *And on the cauſe* ——]

Troi.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*. ——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Thersites *solus.*

HOW now, *Thersites?* what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they

have; which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheese, my digestion — why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon!*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell, ———

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr.

Patr. You rascal———

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;——— it ſuffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

[8] He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

8 *He* SENT *our meſſengers,*———] This nonſenſe ſhould be read,

He SHENT *our meſſengers,*———

i. e. rebuked, rated.

Ulyſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my lord.

[*To* Agamemnon.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel, that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie;
His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus:*
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)

Do

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
And like fair fruit in an unwholsome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
In self-assumption greater than in note
Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-go in an observing kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
(a) His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.
[*Exit* Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;

[*(a) His pettish lunes*, Oxford Editor — Vulg. *pettish lines.*]

and whatever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
9 In will-peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: 1 he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,

9 *In* will-peculiar, *and in ſelf-admiſſion.*] *Will-peculiar* ſhould be read like ſelf-admiſſion with a hyphen. The meaning is, He does nothing but what his own will dictates, and approves of nothing but what his own fancy recommends.

1 ---- *He's poſſeſt with greatneſs,*] *i. e.* greatneſs has got poſſeſſion of him, as the devil of a witch.

That

That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him———with my armed fiſt I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow———

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind———

Ulyſſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſſ. He would have ten ſhares.

[2] *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple——

2 Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.*] The latter part of this ſpeech ſhould be given to *Neſtor*.

Neſt.

Neſt. He is not yet through warm: force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulyſſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a *Trojan!*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſſ. Ay, or ſurly born.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected:

Ulyſſ. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſſ. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſſ. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General

To

To call together all his State of war;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*: to morrow, friends,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
And here's a lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Musick within.*]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace.

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: honour and lordships, are my titles:
What musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, *(a)* love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida.* I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus:* I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sodden business! there's a new'd phrase, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell,* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

[*(a) love's visible soul.* Oxford Editor. — Vulg. *love's invisible soul.*]

Pan.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but marry thus, my lord;— my dear lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*———

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet lord, ——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to———

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith———

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſower offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no———

Pan. And, my lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,———

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,———

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, [1] with my diſpouſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpouſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida?* no, your poor diſpouſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy———

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

[1] —— *with my* DISPOSER *Creſſida.*] I think *diſpoſer* ſhould, in theſe places, be read DISPOUSER; ſhe that would ſeparate *Helen* from him.

Helen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may———

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry, oh! oh! they dye:
Yet That, which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives still.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha —— hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?— Sweet lord, who's a-field to day?

Par.

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priam*'s Hall,
To greet the warriors—Sweet *Helen*, I muſt wooe you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, Sir, [2] he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks

2—*he* STAYS *you*—] We ſhould read,—*he* PRAYS *you*,—Staying

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be,
When that the watry palates taſte, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw

draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river, go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably ——— come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my lord! the Gods grant ——— O my lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd: that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of

of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we; praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

SCENE V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart;

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me——
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not till now, so much
But I might master it—— in faith, I lie——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother; see, we fools!

Why,

Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to our selves ?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
And yet, good faith, I wisht my self a man :
Or that We women had men's privilege,
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent ; see, see, your silence
(Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.
[*Kissing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss :
I am asham'd ; — O heavens, what have I done ! —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid?*

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave 'till to morrow morning———

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go try :
I have a kind of self resides with you :
But an unkind self, that it self will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit ?
I would be gone : I speak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,
Or else you love not : To be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth

Out-

Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſwaſion could but once convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's ſimplicity,
[3] And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
' True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
' Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
' Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
' Want ſimilies: truth, tired with iteration,
' As true as ſteel, as [4] Plantage to the Moon,
' As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
' As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
' Yet after all compariſons of truth,
' [5] As truth authentick, ever to be cited,

3 *And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend it ſelf againſt deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of neceſſity, learn'd worldly policy.*

4 ——— *Plantage to the Moon.*] I formerly made a ſilly conjecture, that the true reading was,

Planets to their Moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galileo* had diſcovered the Satellites of *Jupiter*; this play being printed in 1609, and that diſcovery made in 1610. So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is *planted* or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe.

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite creſcentem face noctilucam,
Proſperam frugum ——— Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.

5 *As* TRUTH'S AUTHENTIC AUTHOR *to be cited*] This line is abſolute nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

As TRUTH AUTHENTIC, EVER *to be cited.*

i. e. when all compariſons of truth are exhauſted, they ſhall be then all ſummed up in this great one, this *authentic truth ever* to be cited, *as true as* Troilus.

' As

' As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the verſe,
' And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

' If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
' When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
' When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
' And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
' And mighty States characterleſs are grated
' To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,
' From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
' Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
' As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
' As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
' Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
' Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
' As falſe as *Creſſid.*——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars: (a)* let all inconſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers between *Pandars:* ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*

[(a) *let all inconſtant men.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *let all conſtant men.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense: [6] appear it to you,
That,

6 ——— *appear it to you,*
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy. ———] This reasoning perplexes Mr. *Theobald, He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the* Greeks; *and this he makes a merit of,* says the Editor. *I own* (continues he) *the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat perverse and unartful. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make* Calchas *act the part of a* TRUE PRIEST, *and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service.* The Editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by *the motives of his oratory,* or, *from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit.* But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the *Greeks* that what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mistaken. *Shakespear* thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave,* in order to make him talk like a *fool.* Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But *Shakespear* was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

——— *through the sight I have in things to come*
I have abandon'd Troy ———

To signify, *by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;* whereas the true sense is, *Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned* Troy *my native Country.* That he could not mean what the Editor supposes, appears from these considerations, First, If he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said,

I have ——— *expos'd my self*
From certain *and possess'd conveniencies,*
To doubtful *fortunes* ———

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a secret hid from the inferior Gods themselves; as appears from the poetical

That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence

poetical hiſtory of that war. It depended on many contingences whoſe exiſtence *they* did not foreſee. All that they knew was, that if ſuch and ſuch things happened *Troy* would fall. And this ſecret they communicated to *Caſſandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a ſeveral part of the ſecret; *one*, that *Troy* could not be taken unleſs *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and ſo on. But the ſecret, that it was abſolutely to fall, was known to none.

The ſenſe here given will admit of no diſpute amongſt thoſe who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongſt the *Greeks*. So that this *Calchas*, *like a true prieſt*, if it muſt needs be ſo, went where he could exerciſe his profeſſion with moſt advantage. For it being much leſs common amongſt the *Greeks* than the *Aſiatics*, there would be there a greater demand for it.

Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
(a) In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyſſ. *Achilles* ſtands i' th' entrance of his Tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him:
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew it ſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.

Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he aught with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*(a) In moſt accepted pay.* Oxford Editor. —— Vulg. *In moſt accepted pain.*]

Achil.

Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*
Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles,*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the Fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes.*
I'll interrupt his reading. —— Now, *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, [7] how dearly ever parted,
How

7 —— *how dearly ever parted,*] *i. e.* how exquiſitely ſoever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo and*

How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have That which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf
[8] To others' eyes: nor doth the eye it ſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold it ſelf
Not going from it ſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.

Ulyſſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax* ———
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,

Juliet, Stuff. as they ſay, with honourable parts, proportioned *as one's thoughts would wiſh a man.*

8 *To others' eyes, &c.*

That moſt pure ſpirit, &c.] Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
9 How ſome men ſleep in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
For they paſſed by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſſ. 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
'Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
'(A great-ſiz'd monſter of Ingratitudes)
'Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
'As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
'As done: Perſeverance keeps Honour bright:
'To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
'Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
"For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
"Where one but goes abreaſt; keep then the path;
"For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
"That one by one purſue; if you give way,
"Or turn aſide from the direct forth-right,
"Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
"And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye,

9 *How ſome men* CREEP *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,*] This is ſaid with deſign that *Achilles* ſhould apply it to himſelf and *Ajax*. But as *creep* is to be applied to *Achilles*, it conveys a wrong idea, as repreſenting one who is timorous and afraid to atchieve great acts: whereas it ſhould repreſent one entirely negligent in atchieving them. For this was then *Achilles*'s caſe. So that we ſhould read,

How ſome men SLEEP *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall.*

For he was the firſt favourite of fortune; yet when he got into her preſence, inſtead of puſhing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours.

" [1] Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
" For pavement to the abject Rear, o'er-run
" And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
" Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
' For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
' That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
' But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
' Graſps in the comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
' And Farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
" Remuneration for the thing it was;
" For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
" Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
" To envious and calumniating time.
" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
" That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born Gawds,
" Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
" And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
" *(a)* More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted:
" The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The Cry went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thy ſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
[2] Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

1 *Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,*
For pavement to the abject NEAR, ——] We ſhould read, *abject* REAR, *i. e.* the mean abject horſes which, by reaſon of their unfitneſs for ſervice, are put into the *rear* of the line; or at leaſt become the rear in a vigorous charge.

2 *Made emulous* miſſions —] *Miſſions*, for diviſions, *i. e.* goings out, on one ſide and the other.

[*(a) More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted.* Dr. Thirlby. —— Vulg. *More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.*

Achil.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.
Ulyſſ. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.
Achil. Ha! known!
Ulyſſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful State,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive Deep;
[3] Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord——I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.——I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,

3 *Keeps* place *with thought*;——] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a ſtate, as in the providence of the univerſe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expreſſion is exquiſitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *Keep pace*, and ſo deſtroys all its beauty.

And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus;
' Sweet, rouſe your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
' Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
' And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
' Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!* — ——

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
And Danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus:*
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view. —— A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who

who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow, *Ajax:* And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. " 4 A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both " ſides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Ther. Who, I?——why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe Conduct for his Perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon, &c.* Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

4 *A plague of Opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather Jerkin.*] This is ſaid in compliment to *Achilles. Opinion* went all for him before, as now for *Ajax.* But the obſervation is fine, and admirably expreſſed.

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am ſure, none: unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with Torches.*

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein

You

You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
[1] During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and th' other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*——Now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!—[2] by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thouſand complete courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid.*
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.

1 *During all* queſtion *of the gentle Truce:*] *Queſtion*, for force, virtue.

2 ——*by* Venus' *hand I ſwear,*] This oath was uſed to inſinuate his reſentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand.

Rouſe

Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of [3] a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;

3 ——— *a flat* tamed *piece*;] *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown.

4 We'll not commend what we intend not ſell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not your ſelf; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down: He ſhall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not———
To bed, to bed ——ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. "Beſhrew the witch! 5 with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
" Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
" With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

4 *We'll not commend what we intend* TO *ſell*] But this is not talking like a chapman: for if it be the cuſtom for the buyer to diſpraiſe, it is the cuſtom too for the ſeller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to ſell *Helen*, he ſhould, by this rule, have commended her. But the truth was he had no ſuch intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which ſhews *Shakeſpear* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT *ſell.*

i. e. what we intend not to ſell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphraſe by making it the text.

5 ———*with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,*
Tedious as hell; ——] *i. e.* with witches, who perform their venomous charms by night.

Cre.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O foolish *Cressida*—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking; I shall have such a life———

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressida?*

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd o'th' head!—who's that at door?—— good uncle, go and see!—— my lord, come you again into my chamber;——— you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha———

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne.

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho! ——nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

[*As* Pandarus *is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida.*

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy.*
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; *(a)* the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

[*(a)*—— *the ſecreteſt of natures.* Oxford Editor—— Vulg. *the ſecrets of nature.*]

Cre.

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!* ——

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus:* 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus.* O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very Crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus.* Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and Building of my Love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.— I'll go and weep, ——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus.* I'll not go from *Troy.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus,*

Tell

Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *House.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than That
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
Enter Troilus.
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes, ——— a, sweet duck! ———
Cre. O *Troilus, Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly saying is:)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again;
Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.
There was never a truer rhime. "Let us cast away "nothing, for we may live to have need of such a "verse; we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi.

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus.*

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æneas. [*within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!*
When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart ——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi.

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :——
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee :
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation : be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent : but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you ?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns ! be true, again ?

Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love :
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe ;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not !

Troi. Die I a villain then ! ——
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit : I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt ; nor ſweeten talk ;
Nor play at ſubtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will ?

Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not :
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas.

Æneas. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,———
Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part.
Paris. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*,———
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will You be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fiſh, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch meer ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
[6] To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee,

6 *To ſhame the* SEAL *of my petition tow'rds thee,*
By praiſing her. ——] To *ſhame* the *ſeal* of a petition is nonſenſe. *Shakeſpear* wrote,
To ſhame the ZEAL———
and the ſenſe is this: *Grecian*, you uſe me diſcourteouſly; you ſee, I am a *paſſionate* lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you ſhould not ſhame the *zeal* of it, by promiſing to do what I require of you, for the ſake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a ſenſe of a *lover*'s delicacy, you would have promiſed to do it in compaſſion to his *pangs* and *ſufferings*.

By

By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour— no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*
This Brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,

Thou

Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.

Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?

Ulyſſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Ulyſſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyſſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs—this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. Paris and I kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave,——

Cre.

Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.———
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn;
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Ulyſſ. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his———
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomede *leads out* Creſſida.
Ulyſſ. Fie, fie upon her!
'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
'Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
'At every joint, [7] and motive of her body:
'Oh, theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
'They give a Coaſting welcome ere it comes;
'And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
'To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
'For ſluttiſh Spoils of Opportunity,
'And daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

7 ——— *and* motive *of her body:*] *Motive,* for motion.

Æne.

Æne. Hail, all the State of *Greece!* what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. [8] 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
[9] Valour and pride parcell themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courtesie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*

8 *'Tis done like* Hector, *but* securely *done*,] In the sense of the latin, *securus—securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo.* A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

9 *Valour and pride* EXCELL *themselves in* Hector;] It is an high absurdity to say, that any thing can *excell* in the extremity of little; which little, too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt *Shakespear* wrote,

Valour and pride PARCELL *themselves in* Hector;

i. e. divide themselves in *Hector* in such a manner, that the one is almost infinite; the other almost nothing. For the use of this word we may see *Richard* III.

——— *their woes are* PARCELLED.

Consent

Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
" Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
" Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
" Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
" His heart and hand both open, and both free;
" For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
" Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
" Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

SCENE IX.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son;
A cousin-german to great *Priam*'s seed:

The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my ſire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: but the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus. ———
Couſin, all honour to thee! ———

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. [1] Not *Neoptolemus*'s Sire iraſcible,

(On

1 *Not* Neoptolemus SO MIRABLE,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf, &c.] That is to ſay, *You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young ſon of* Achilles *(who is yet to ſerve his apprentiſage in war, under the* Grecian *generals, and on that account called* Νεοπτόλεμος) *dare himſelf entertain ſuch a thought.* But *Shakeſpear* meant another ſort of man, as is evident from,

On whoſe bright creſt, &c.

Which characteriſes one who goes foremoſt and alone: and can therefore ſuit only *one*, which *one* was *Achilles*; as *Shakeſpear* himſelf has drawn him,

The great Achilles, *whom opinion crowns*
The ſinew *and the* forehand *of our Hoſt.*

And again,

Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars *to faction.*

And indeed the ſenſe and ſpirit of *Hector*'s ſpeech requires that the moſt celebrated of his adverſaries ſhould be picked out to be defied; and

(On whose bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;

and this was *Achilles*, with whom *Hector* had his final affair. We muſt conclude then that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRASCIBLE
(On whoſe bright creſt ——

Iraſcible is an old ſchool term, and is an epithet ſuiting his character, and the circumſtances he was then in.

Impiger, iracundus, *inexorabilis*, *acer*.

But our editor Mr. *Theobald*, by his *obſcure diligence*, had found out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three deſtructions of* Troy, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a perſon diſtinct from the ſon of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakeſpear* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpoſe, that this fancy was abſurd. For firſt, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a common rate warrior, and ſo deſcribed as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet ſhould on this occaſion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never ſo much as mentioned on any other occaſion. Thirdly, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* ſide, and ſlain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* muſt needs mean by one *who could promiſe a thought of added honour torn from him*, a warrior amongſt his enemies on the *Grecian* ſide.

But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks,
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O — you, my lord — by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus*' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon ——— I offend.
Neſt. 'I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
'Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
'Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
'As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
'Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
'When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i' th' air,
'Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
'That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
'Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,

And

And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good:
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time ——

Ulyſſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Grecian* embaſſie.

Ulyſſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.

Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*; ——thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles?*

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion; ſtand again.——
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians*' cauſe.

Achil.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyſſ. At *Menelaus*' Tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*

Troi. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent*, *in the* Grecian *Camp*.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with *Greckiſh* wine to night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Therſites*.

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

Ther Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſthume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap

flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrow's battle:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
[1] A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Ex.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; [2] and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter*

1 *A token from her daughter* &c.] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*. Oxford Editor.

2 *And the goodly transformation of* Jupiter *there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and* OBLIQUE *memorial of cuckolds*;] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of* Jupiter, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; *i. e.* his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds?* can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and ſo the foregoing character of his being the *primitive ſtatue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile theſe two contradictory epithets therefore we ſhould read,

——— *and* OBELISQUE *memorial of cuckolds.*

He is repreſented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obeliſque memorial?* of all human edifices the moſt durable. And the ſentence riſes gradually, and properly from a *ſtatue* to an *obeliſque*. To this the editor Mr. *Theobald* replies, that

Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*.———

Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet lord *Menelaus.*

that *the bull is called the primitive ſtatue:* by which he only giveth us to underſtand, that he knoweth not the difference between the *Engliſh* articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which title *Therſites* gives him again afterwards—*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it*—THE BULL *has the game.*——But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and ſo all the difficulty's evaded.

Ther.

Ther. Sweet draught——ſweet, quoth a ——ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to Thoſe
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs, The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent: I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after ——Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomede; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. How, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then: and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſſ. Liſt.———

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery———

Dio. Nay, then———

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn———

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience———

Ulyſſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. *Diomede*,———

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy Better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madneſs!

Ulyſſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.

Troi.

Troi. Behold, I pray you———
Ulyſſ. Good my lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo, good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſſ. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian— why *Greek*——
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.———
Ulyſſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, letchery, fry!——
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. My lord, ———

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:— O falſe wench—!. Give't me again.

Dio. Whoſe was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.

Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.

Dio. I ſhall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye Gods!——O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.——— [Diomedes *ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did ſwear patience.

Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede:* faith, you ſhall not:
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cre. [3] By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not———

3 *By all* Diana's *waiting-women yonder.*] *i. e.* the ſtars which ſhe points to.

I will

I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go; ——one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto:* but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—— O *Jove!*— do, come: ——
I ſhall be plagued.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee. ——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſſ. All's done, my lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.

Troi.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thy ſelf!
Bi-fold authority! [4] where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n it ſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*

4 ——— *where reaſon can revolt*
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. ——] A miſerable expreſſion of a quaint thought, *That to be unreaſonable in love is reaſonable; and to be reaſonable, unreaſonable. Perdition* and *loſs* are both uſed in the very ſame ſenſe, and that an odd one, to ſignify *unreaſonableneſs.*

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*—ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul———
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.
Ulyſſ. O, contain your ſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!
Ulyſſ. I'll bring you to the gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace in Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Caf. Where is my brother *Hector*.
And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Caf. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.
Caf. No notes of sally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.
Caf. "The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish
"vows;
"They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
"Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caf. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade.

[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews 'till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. [6] When many times the caitiff *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!

Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to day.

Troilus. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,

6 *When many times the* CAPTIVE *Grecians fall.*] This reading ſuppoſes *Hector* inſulting over his *captives*, which is not *Troilus*'s meaning: who is here ſpeaking of *Hector*'s actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

When many times the caitiff Grecians *fall*,

i. e. daſtardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the ſpeaker to give them, and juſtified by his account of them.

Their

Their eyes o'er-galled [7] with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* And.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look, how thou dieſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;

[7] ——*with* recourſe *of tears*;] *i. e.* tears that continue to courſe one another down the face.

How

How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee! [*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord, do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty *(a)* ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry. ——They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft—here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore, *Trojan:* now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector*'s match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

[*(a) ſneering.* Mr. Theobald —— Vulg. *ſwearing.*]

Ther.

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee——live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o'mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another, I would laugh at that miracle—yet, in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair Steed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan,*
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* [8] baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius.* *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; [9] the dreadful Sagittary

8 ——— *baſtard* Magarelon] The introducing a baſtard ſon of *Priam*, under the name of *Magarelon*, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory-book of *The three Deſtructions of* Troy. Mr. *Theobald.*

9 ——— *the dreadful* Sagittary
Appals our numbers ———] "Beyonde the Royalme of Amaſonne came an auncyent Kynge, wyſe and dyſcreete, named "*Epyſtrophus*, and brought a M. Knyghtes, and a mervaylouſe "Beſte that was called SAGITTARYE, that behynde the myddes "was an horſe, and to fore, a Man: This Beſte was heery lyke "an horſe, and had his Eyen rede as a Cole, and ſhotte well with "a bowe, *This Beſte made the* Grekes *ſore aſtrde, and ſlowe* "*many of them with his Bowe.*" *The three Deſtructions of* Troy, printed by *Caxton.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Appals

Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſtor. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights [1] on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy [2] *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

1 —*on* Galathe *his horſe*,] From the ſame book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horſe. Mr. *Theobald.*

2 —— Greeks, *ripe for his edge*,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath; &c. Tho' this old ſtory-book was our poet's guide in the fable, yet nature led him up to the ſublime images of *Homer*, whom want of learning kept him from acquaintance with.

Dio.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*

Ajax. What wouldſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhouldſt have my Office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Hah, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight,*

Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My Reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed—*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt* Paris, *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to

us;

us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. [3] Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

3 *Strike, fellows, ſtrike,*——] This particular of *Achilles* over-powering *Hector* by numbers, is taken from the old ſtory book. *Oxford Editor.*

Enter

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.
Enter Troilus.
Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector! ——— the Gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
4 Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmite at *Troy*,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.
Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!

4 *Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;*
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMILE *at* Troy,] Here *Troilus* is made to invoke the Gods to *frown* in one line, and to *ſmile* in the other: And, as if he had not talked nonſenſe enough, after having made them do and undo, and protract the fate of *Troy*, in the next line he begs them to be ſpeedy and *brief*, and diſpatch them at once. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMITE *at* Troy,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy.

Who

Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
5 Make welling *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, shame [*Strikes him.*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?——let me see——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

5 *Make* WELLS AND Niobes *of the maids and wives*;] We should certainly read, WELLING *Niobes*, i. e. *Niobes welling*, or streaming down with tears. To *well*, an old word to bubble or spring out. The image of *Niobe* was here properly employed. So in *Hamlet*,

——*like* Niobe *all tears.*

But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *wells and rivers.*

But

But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths ———
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall;
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
[6] Some galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

6 *Some galled gooſe of* Winchester———] The publick ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of *Winchester*. Mr. *Pope*.

The End of the Seventh Volume.